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OR

A HELP

TOWARDS

STANNINGLEY CHURCH.

Blest is the Isle—our native Land—
Where battlement and moated gate
Are objects only for the hand
Of hoary Time to decorate;
Where shady hamlet, town that breathes
Its busy smoke in social wreaths,
No rampart's stern defence require,
Nought but the heaven-directed Spire,
And steeple Tower (with pealing bells
Far heard)—our only Citadels."

WORDSWORTH.

*Paucis ostendi gemis, et communia laudas,
Non ita nutritus: fuge quo descendere gestis.*

HORACE.

EDITED

BY THOMAS FURBANK, M.A.,

INCUMBENT OF STANNINGLEY.

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TO
WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D.D.,
CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY,
PREBENDARY OF LINCOLN, AND VICAR OF LEEDS,
THESE PAGES
ARE INSCRIBED
AS A TOKEN OF AFFECTION AND RESPECT,
BY
THE EDITOR.

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STANNINGLEY

Dear is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day ;
And by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallowed Courts, O Lord !
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echos thro' the blest abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

In secret I have often prayed,
And still the anxious tear would fall ;
But on thy sacred Altar laid,
The fire descends and dries them all.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms,
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

CUNNINGHAM.

As this volume is an Offering of original contributions to Kirkstall Bazaar, the object of which is to complete the funds necessary for the erection of a Church at Stanningley, a brief sketch of the locality and wants of that village will not be deemed inappropriate at the outset.

Stanningley pretty nearly divides its population between the two parishes of Leeds and Calverley. It is generally, however, looked upon as a portion of the Parish of Leeds and the Chapelry of Bramley, because the greater part of the village was formerly, as are almost all the houses which now constitute the street that intersects it, within these limits. But since the commencement of the present century a great alteration has taken place, and the population, which was previously small, is at present upwards of FOUR THOUSAND. This circumstance is owing to the rapid progress of manufacture, which, whilst it has increased in an amazing degree the number of its inhabitants, in common with many other places, and particularly in what may be termed the new part of Stanningley, from its better adaptation and closer contiguity to the mills and manufactories, has altogether changed its pristine appearance.

Of "Stanningley," or "Stainingley Green,"—which, as Thoresby reminds us, it was once called, and as he says, " (as Stainmoor, &c.) is *rightly* denominated, from its being a rough and stony place that bounds our

parish towards Bradford,"*—there are few now living who can say, in the words of Goldsmith,

"How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green
 "Where humble happiness endear'd each scene,"

as for many years it has been occupied and defaced by the dwellings and workshops of an industrious class of people, and unhewn stones are nowhere discoverable except at the adjacent quarries.

Every friend, therefore, of the Church of England, however he may regret that no successful attempt has been made previously to last year, for providing the inhabitants of Stanningley with the advantage of public worship according to the rites and doctrines of our National Church, will be glad to learn that this evil has in some degree been remedied by the commencement of a Sunday Evening Service in a school-room licensed by the Bishop of Ripon, and that there is every reason to believe this useful building will, ere long, be superseded for such purposes by a more suitable and comely edifice—a Church dedicated to the Name, the Worship, and the Glory of Almighty God.

* *Ducatus Leodiensis*, p. 176, Whit. ed.

The Church is intended to be erected in the Bramley part of the village, and will be a Gothic structure of the pure Norman style, if the spire be excepted, (which is rather an appendage to the early English that immediately succeeded,) and is intended to seat about FIVE HUNDRED and FIFTY persons. Two hundred and fifty sittings will be free, or let at a small rent to the poor; besides, there will be accommodation for fifty Sunday scholars in the chancel.

The design is by Mr. Henry Rogerson, a young architect, and native of Bramley, who has very handsomely presented the plans and working drawings to the Committee.

THOMAS FURBANK.

“ ENLARGE THE PLACE OF THY TENT.”

BY THE REV. ROBERT WHITEHEAD, M.A., YORK.

“ Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations : spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes.” Isaiah, ch. LIV. v. 2.

When Israel’s Prophet, wrapt in vision, saw
The future glory of his church and nation ;
“ Enlarge thy tent,” he cried, “ and further draw
The spreading curtains of thy habitation.”

So when our Anglia’s duteous sons behold
Her Zion’s hopes ascending to the skies ;
Anxious her budding glories to unfold,
They rear her walls, and bid her tow’rs arise

The fruitful mother of a numerous race,
The offspring of a dark and stormy day ;
The Church demands a more extended space,
To rear her brood, and point their heav’nward way.

This Bramley* asks of you her wealthier sons,
Whose manufactures grow on every side ;
Remember with your gifts Christ’s little ones,
The humble Poor for whom the Saviour died.

* The population of the Chapelry of Bramley, A.D. 1821, was 4,916 ; in 1831 it was 7,039, and at the present time it is thought to be about 9,000 ; yet there is only accommodation in the Church for 600 persons.

A PLEA FOR POETRY.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

That was not a barren time,
 When the new world calmly lay
 Bare unto the frosty rime,
 Open to the burning day.

Though her young limbs were not clad
 In the colours of the spring,
 Yet she was all inward glad ;
 Knowing all she bore within
 undeveloped ;—slumbering.

There was Beauty, such as feeds
 Poets in their secret hours ;
 Music, mute ; and all the seeds,
 And the signs of all the flowers.

There was Wealth, beyond the gold,
 Hid in oriental caves ;
 There was—all we now behold
 'Twixt our cradles and our graves.

So, unto the Poet clingeth,
 And his seeming barren rhyme,
 That which, when developed, bringeth
 Wonders in the aftertime.

Call not, then, his gentle dreams,
 Idle, worthless, void of good :
 There are in them azure gleams,
 Wisdom not all understood ;

Fables with a heart of truth,
 Mysteries that unfold in light,
 Morals beautiful for youth,
 Starry lessons for the night.

To the Martyr in his strife,
 To the Tyrant stern and strong,
 Unto *all*, in death and life,
 Speaks he in his song.

THE SABBATH.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

God, the Creator, bless'd
 The Sabbath of his rest ;
 His six days' work had brought
 The universe from nought ;
 The heavens and earth before him stood,
 He saw them and pronounced them good.

God, the Redeemer, bless'd
 The Sabbath of his rest ;
 When, all his sufferings done,
 The cross's victory won,
 In Joseph's sepulchre He lay,
 And rested on the Sabbath-day.

And God the Spirit bless'd
 The Christian's day of rest,
 When met with one accord
 The servants of the Lord ;
 To whom the Father's promise came,
 Like rushing wind, and tongues of flame.

The Church hath ever bless'd
 Her own sweet day of rest ;
 When, in her spousal dress
 Of blood-bought righteousness,
 Her happy spirit doth rejoice
 To hear her heavenly bridegroom's voice.

They love the Sabbath-day,
 Who love to sing and pray:
 The day of rest they love,
 Who seek the rest above ;
 They love the day of God in seven,
 Who prize an antepast of heaven.

My God, the day is thine,
 Oh may I make it mine :
 By hallowing it to Thee,
 'Tis hallow'd twice to me ;
 And when with Thee my heart is right,
 I call it holy—a delight.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND, ON HER ATTENDING SERVICE IN THE
 PARISH CHURCH OF LEEDS, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF THIRTY YEARS.

It seems but yesterday, since, meekly kneeling,
 A simple child before this holy shrine,
 I strove, half conscious of some new-born feeling,
 To fix my wand'ring thoughts on things divine.

Then, not a care had stolen o'er my bosom,
 Past, present, future—all alike seemed gay ;
 Or if I wept, the dew upon the blossom
 That tear, so passing light, might well portray.

Youth followed next ;—and added summers found me
 A suppliant still within this ancient pile ;
 With other thoughts and feelings opening round me,
 Yet still I knew life only by its smile.

Long years since then have fled ;—and now returning
 With feebler step, alas ! and altered brow,
 And heart which has not 'scaped its share of mourning,
 I come to kneel where rose my early vow.

I kneel,—but where are those whose prayers ascended
 Daily with mine at morn and evening grey?
 Where are those well-known tones with mine that blended,
 The loving and the loved—oh! where are *they*?

Some from their early home, like me, are parted,
 And from this altar where they met in prayer;
 And some are gone—ah me! a tear has started—
 A mournful tear—when I bethink me where!

Gone to the grave! some dropt, like flow'ret broken
 By sudden storm from off the parent stem;
 While others bore of age each honoured token,
 Almost affection checks the tear for *them*.

Nay, as I muse, e'en solemn joy comes o'er me,
 Joy, that the lost to earth, to heaven are won;
 In bright array methinks they pass before me,
 Each—glorious vision!—each with harp and crown.

And we who linger here, awhile forsaken
 By those we love, shall share one home ere long;
 And, knit into one band, again awaken,
 With more of triumph, our suspended song.

HYMN.

BY MARY LOUISA BOYLE.

When the heart with sin and sorrow
 Bends beneath its heavy load,
 And fresh trials for the morrow,
 Gloomy doubt and fear forebode.

When the hopes of earthly gladness
 Fade like meteors in the air,
 And the spirit bow'd with sadness
 Seems a victim to despair.

In that hour of tribulation,
 God of love, we fly to thee ;
 Wilt thou scorn our supplication,
 Downcast eye and bended knee ?

By His blood who died to save us,
 Lamb of God, without a stain,
 By the blessed hope he gave us,
 Peace and pardon let us gain.

PÆSTUM.

BY WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D.D.

VICAR OF LEEDS.

Though roseate odours float on every gale
 That sweeps, sad Pæstum, o'er thy desert vale ;*
 Though each soft Zephyr bear upon its wing
 The sweets and promise of perennial Spring,
 Like life's illusions o'er the captive sense,
 Veiling in smiles the ruin they dispense ;
 Thy perfum'd breath a venom'd shaft conveys,
 And the lorn pilgrim at thy shrine betrays !
 Yet joy'd the man on whose rapt vision first
 The prostrate glories of thy city burst ;†
 With kindred feeling traced thy classic plains,
 Thy tower-capt walls,—thy desecrated fanes,
 Whose massive columns from their deep repose
 In mingled symmetry and ruin rose,
 And as the wonders of the scene he viewed,
 Broke the long silence of thy solitude.

* The roses of Pæstum are celebrated as peculiarly fragrant, and blowing twice every year, yet, though the air is thus perfumed, it is destructive, as the Malaria prevails.

† The Temples of Pæstum, though in a situation so open to notice, remained unknown for centuries ; they were then, it is said, discovered by a Painter.

Lo ! mid the desert, grateful to the eye,
 As a green spot in sandy Araby,
 Yon hallowed porch, above each rival form,
 Bright in a sunbeam through the coming storm,
 Stands like the ancient genius of the place,
 Evoking from the tomb his Dorian race !
 Beauteous in ruin, in decay sublime,
 A splendid trophy o'er the wreck of time ;
 Struggling with fate, the glorious past recalls,
 And, rob'd in Majesty, like Cæsar falls.
 Seems still the whispering breeze to bear along
 The mournful melody of Grecian song,
 As when in solemn rite thy patriot band
 Sung of their fathers in a stranger land.
 And yet, 'tis desolate ! no voice invokes,
 No victim bleeds,—no teeming incense smokes !
 Where be thy gods ? Beneath the general gloom
 Sleep they too in the silence of the tomb ?
 See on yon moss-grown stone, with front serene,
 The unmoved idol 'mid the changeful scene,
 As when he gave thy sons to be, of yore,*
 Lords of the dark-blue sea that laves thy shore ;
 His shrine the shadow of that empty boast,
 Stands a lone beacon on thy desert coast !
 So flits the pageant of life's troubled dream,
 So float man's works down Time's oblivious stream ;
 But Nature still the same through ages past,
 Blush'd in the rose, and thunder'd in the blast ;
 And in her great unerring laws we trace
 The mighty mind that fills all time—all space.
 Prostrate the Star on Bethlehem's plain we hail,
 Which o'er the wreck of worlds, and through the vale
 Of death itself spreads its celestial ray,
 And breaks from darkness to eternal day.

* The largest of the Temples was dedicated to Neptune, the tutelary
 Deity of ancient Posidonia : it is of Doric architecture.

THE CONVERSION OF EDWIN,
ANGLO-SAXON KING OF NORTHUMBRIA.

BY CHRISTOPHER KEMPLAY, ESQ., YORK.

Igitur accepit rex Eduinus eam cunctis gentis suæ nobilibus ac plebe perplurinâ fidem et lavacrum sanctæ regenerationis, anno regni sui undecimo, qui est annus dominicæ incarnationis sexcentusimvs vicesimus septimus: ab adventu verò Anglorum in Britanniam annus circiter centesimus octogesimus. Baptizatus est autem Eboraci die sancto Paschæ pridie iduum Aprilium, in Ecclesiâ sancti Petri Apostoli, quam ibidem ipse de ligno, cum catechizaretur atque ad percipiendum baptismum imbueretur, citato opere construxit. In quâ etiam civitate ipsi doctore atque antistiti suo Paulino sedem Episcopatus donavit. Mox autem, ut baptismum consecutus est, curavit, docente eodem Paulino, majorem ipso in loco et augustiorem de lapide fabricare Basilicam, in cujus medio ipsum quod prius fecerat oratorium includeretur.

VENERABILIS BEDA, Lib. ii. c. xiv.

Such are the words of the venerable Bede in narrating the baptism of the Northumbrian King Edwin, together with all his Nobles, and a vast number of the common people, by the Roman Missionary, Paulinus, who had accompanied the king's christian bride, Ethelburgha, from the kingdom of Kent, where the Gospel had already been preached successfully by Augustine. This interesting ceremony took place, as is related, on the festival of Easter, A.D., 627, in the city of York, where Edwin had hastily erected an oratory of wood,

dedicated to St. Peter, in which to go through the religious exercises required of him as a catechumen. Afterwards, at the recommendation of Paulinus, to whom he had assigned a bishop's see in this city, he commenced a more durable structure of stone, but lived not to complete it, being unhappily slain by his Pagan enemies, Penda, King of the Mercians, and Caedwalla, a British Prince, about six years after his baptism; during which space of time Paulinus, with the countenance and assistance of Edwin and Ethelburgha, had been preaching and baptizing with happy effects throughout Deira and Bernicia. From the concluding portion of the same chapter already quoted we learn that Churches, or *Basilicæ*, as Bede calls them, were built in some of the royal towns, (*regiæ villæ*); but these of course were few in number. One of them, thus honoured with a Church, was "*in Campo Dono*," supposed to be the same as *Cambodunum*, (Almondbury); but the Church being of wood, it was burned by the Pagans on their over-running the country again. The altar, which was of stone, being afterwards recovered, was preserved in a monastery, in *Elmete* (Barwick in Elmete,) in Bede's time; so that we find the building of churches and religious houses was even then extending in the direction and to the vicinity of the now populous Leeds; which town also appears to have had existence in very early days; for Bede says that, in place of the *villa Regia*, in *Campo Dono*, which, with the *Basilica*, was destroyed by the Pagans, the succeeding kings built a town in the district called *Loidis*, but no mention is made of a Church here at this time.

On the death of Edwin, Ethelburgha and Paulinus returned to Kent, the immediate successors of the Royal Convert having apostatized to heathenism;—but Oswald, a religious Prince, having by great victories over the enemies of the faith made himself master of the kingdom, with extended boundaries, renewed the work of Edwin, completing the church of St. Peter, at York, begun by that monarch, and putting down the worship of idols, which had unhappily prevailed again under the sad though brief interval of Pagan rule.

Of King Edwin, William of Malmesbury speaks in the highest terms, and thus writes, in reference to the state of the kingdom during the reign of that wise and pious monarch :—
 “ At that time, there was no public robber, no domestic thief; the tempter of conjugal fidelity was far distant, the plunderer of another man’s inheritance was in exile :—a state of things redounding to his praise and worthy of celebration in our times.”—And *in all times*, it may be added; and in none less than *ours*.

Edwin was slain in the seventeenth year of his reign, and the forty-eighth of his age, in the year 633.

In the following lines an attempt has been made to reduce these interesting events to the purposes of poetry; and the unusual but not unsuitable trochaic metre has been adopted. It will be proper to mention the authorities for supposing that a British Christian Church existed in York, previously to the coming of the Saxons, and for tracing back the Church of York to an age anterior to the Roman missions of Augustine and Paulinus. That the ancient Britons were evangelized at a very early period, long before Rome itself had, as a state, received the Christian faith, is certain: Tertullian speaks of “*Britannorum inaccessa Romanis loca, Christo verò subdita*,”—places among the Britons, inaccessible to Roman arms, but subdued by Christ. And that there was a British Church at York appears from the fact that here was a bishop’s see in the fourth century. Of three British bishops whose signatures are appended to the canons passed at the Council of Arles, in the year 314, one is that of “*Eborius episcopus, de civitate Eboracensi, provinciâ Britanniâ*.”

Once again, where erst in Albion, island of the Western sea,
 Ere the Saxon came and spoiled them, British Christians
 worshipped free,

Lo! a temple to Jehovah is in Ebor’s wide vale raised,
 And, anew the Gospel preached to the Pagan, God is praised.

Edwin, royal catechumen, *pagan* thou no longer art,
 Since the Word of Life hath reached thee, slowly though thou
 gav'st thy heart,
 Cautious, not obdurate, yielding nor to grave Paulinus' word,
 Nor thy Christian wife's persuasion, sweet in pious converse
 heard;
 Till the light divine from heaven, shining in upon thy soul,
 Showed thee all the truth, unfolding to thine eye the sacred
 scroll.
 Then at length, no longer doubting, anxious only more and
 more,
 Both by prayer and holy teaching, to abound in heavenly lore,
 Thou didst rear a simple chapel, in fair Ebor's plain,—a place
 Meet for holy meditation,—where adored the ancient race.—
 Seemed there still a blessing present, though, alas! forgotten
 long,
 In the former time descending, when the Briton raised his song
 Here to Sion's God, and worshipped?—o'er the spot, though
 hushed its choir,
 Hovered still its guardian angels?—Wist we not, nor would
 inquire :—
 But 'twas here the Saxon convert builded up his simple
 shrine,
 Here, instructed and baptized, received the faith with holy
 sign ;—
 He and all his nobles,—princes swift to battle, slow in thought,
 Proud of heart, averse from learning, to submissive temper
 brought
 By a missionary's teaching ;—not, as since, with Papal
 thunders,
 Rome, thou sought'st to conquer, showing vain tradition's lying
 wonders :—
 Though, alas! too soon assailing truth in her simplicity,
 Lust of priestly sway already shunned not art's confed'racy :
 Yet not thus were those stern warriors taught the Christian
 creed to brook ;
 But they yielded to the power promised in the sacred book.

'Twas a lovely sight and holy, on the Paschal festival,
To behold the king and princes, converts won from heathen
thrall,

Thanes and people, all receiving gladly the baptismal rite,—
All as equals; for who greatest shall appear in heaven's sight?
Or of those, who then accepted outward sign of inward grace,
Unto whom shall finite judgment dare assign the highest
place?

In the thronging host of converts thus confessing and baptized,
Some perchance the holy laving secretly in heart despised;
Godless fools! their ancient worship lightly left, the new one
feigned;

Hypocrites! in whom supremely Mammon and ambition
reigned.—

Some perchance still cherished inly, 'neath a base time-serving
fear,

Those dull gods, their worthless idols, Woden grim, and Thor,
and Frear;

Weak dissemblers! not confounded (though to human ken
disguised)

With that better company whose faith sincere was highly prized,
Where alone all things are known and secrets of men's hearts
laid bare;

Where divine acceptance only "truth in th' inward parts"
shall share.

Deem not few those chosen persons, not in vain the Christian
name

Given to many—God, thou knowest!—on that day of hallowed
fame.

Edwin!—he no earthly master sought to please with feigned
devotion:—

Thanes, too proud for such abasement, bow'd not down in
lowly motion,

Save to Him whose humblest service honours those who serve
with fear:—

Rude but true, there stood the Vassal, than his lord not less
sincere.

Here not sparingly, believe ye, fell the heavenly dew like rain ;
 Nor amongst the honest hearers had Paulinus preached in vain.
 But “ His fan is in his hand, and He will thoroughly purge his
 floor” ;—

Days were coming when the staunchest must endure oppres-
 sions sore ;

When should fall the fainter-hearted, and dissemblers turn
 again

To their idols ;—for with truth, the convert king most foully
 slain,

Penda and Caedwalla triumphed o’er the land,—of truth the
 foes,

From whose bloody altars reeking smoke of sacrifice arose.

But not yet these woes. A season still was given to sow the
 Word,

Though the harvest came in sorrow ;—and Northumbria’s
 Christian lord

Saw with joy his bright example spreading peace and justice
 round,

License, rapine, and disorder, driven beyond his furthest bound.

Nor unmindful of the honour to Jehovah’s worship due,

Did he spare his treasures ; temples rude, indeed, were raised,
 and few ;

For the means were few, and rude the artists of that simple
 age,—

But each royal town, and Ebor chiefly, did this care engage.

Smile not ye who view the glories of that gorgeous house of
 prayer,

Built here in later ages, while with them you would compare

Edwin’s oratory. Soothly, ’twas a structure reared of wood,

Mean and frail, yet not more precious were it made to have
 withstood

Time’s assaults : tho’ least in splendour, lacking all that pomp
 might need,

Rank it first in grace !—no beauty passeth that of pious deed.

Nor of that which cost him nothing did the king his gifts
prepare ;
For, tho' humble was the altar, gold and precious stones were
there.

Then, its fragile fabric noting, he was minded to uprear,
Round its hallowed site, a building wrought in stone, with wall
and pier,
Solid and enduring ; nor the work forsook while life was
spared ;—
But unfinished left it, standing like a fragment, whence were
scared
Both the architect and workman,—emblem of the scattered
church,
Edwin's fellow-converts, hiding from the cruel Pagans'
search
In the woods and caves,—a remnant faithful found in trial's
hour,
Ready still, when ceased th' oppressor, Sion's worship to restore.

And, O thou, who read'st the story, think not lightly of the
care
Given to spread the truth, tho' churches distant rose but here
or there :
Great the harvest, few the reapers ; more to hinder than to
speed ;
Who were helpers when the people all the help themselves
did need ?
Not alone the mighty labour was to build the temple's walls ;
But the Church's living body must be gathered, and the
thralls
Of a heathen bondage ransomed into Gospel liberty,
Ere free service should be rendered to our God, th' Eternal
Three.
For an untaught race reluctant heard, but helped not : how
could they,
Who as yet scarce knew the Saviour, raise the Cross, or " point
the way " ?—

Who to God the cost of building freely of their substance
named?

Where "the company of preachers" whom the temple-service
claimed?

Lo! see now the high cathedral, ancient Ebor's Minster
fair:

"Mark her bulwarks, count the towers"—proud her aisles,
her windows rare.

How have grown the vast dimensions! how enriched through
gradual stages

Rise the battlemented summits,—labours of successive ages!
And as thus in pride and glory waxed the Mother Church, so
grew,

Like a race of children round her, fanes to sacred service
due,

Scattered through the land,—the elder with the younger, great
and small,

Rich or mean, adorned or simple; yet alike in duty all,
And in honour equal.—Ruined now, indeed, the abbey lies,
And monastic cells are roofless, never more in pride to rise;
Tokens these of outpoured anger on a scheme of sinful rule,
Selfish, lustful and luxurious, whose iniquity was full.—

But the steepled church, its altar purified but not cast down,
Still to prayer rings forth its summons shrill o'er hamlet, field
and town,

And the pastor, not retreating from the world to cloistered
gloom,

Heedful does his earthly work, a pilgrim here, in heaven his
home.

Look around! each hill, each valley, owns its church, and
tower, and spire

Frequent o'er the crowded city rise: Behold this, and admire!
Yet, O, boast not!—still increasing, countless as the sea-beat
sands,

Grows the race of man, renewing ceaselessly its dread demands

For the aid it needs, but seeks not;—still the former Adam's
sons

Multiply their seed with increase which the preacher's steps
outruns.—

Speed the lingering race! and forward press as borne on eagles'
wings!

“ Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who brings
Tidings good, and peace doth publish”; for the desert shall
rejoice,

And break forth the soul's waste places into song when heard
his voice.

Yet how vast the wildernesses unreclaimed, to rankness
run!—

Think not, for the things accomplished, that the work is well
nigh done.

E'en *among* us myriads languish, Christians but in empty
name;—

Vales whence late the busy murmur never to the listener
came,

Hamlets swollen in bulk to cities, Mammon's service render
well,

But to God how ill!—unheeded, scarcely heard, the distant
bell,

Which to prayer the flock invited scattered once remote and
thin;—

Then respected, but how feebly striving now with labour's
din!

Who can say, tho' Christ's religion now be emulously preached,
And full many have approved it, that the Word hath fully
reached

All its confines? Are they fewer who the truth have not
received

Now, than when of old Paulinus taught, and Edwin well
believed?

Question dread! but be the answer—Zeal for God; the temple
door

Wide to open, and in faith to preach the gospel to the poor.

“ MAKING MELODY IN YOUR HEART.”

EPHESIANS v. 19.

BY THE REV. JOHN HAIGH, B.A., WORTLEY.

Heard ye that strain ? like living fire
 It gushed from yon Æolian lyre—
 Long had its wild chords lov'd to keep
 Their tuneful melodies asleep ;
 It hung beside the rippling stream,
 As if entranc'd in silent dream ;
 No answering note of love it gave
 To the fond wooing of the wave ;
 In melancholy strains, and faint,
 The waters murmur'd their complaint,
 And Eve's soft star which beam'd on high
 Look'd with a mild reproachful eye ;
 All, all in vain ! no gentle note
 Through the still air was heard to float :
 But, as the last faint gleams of day
 Faded in gath'ring gloom away,
 Just as the sun had gone to rest,
 A breeze came sighing from the West.
 It panted on the mute lyre's strings
 With its mysterious whisperings,
 And as it gaily swept along
 It woke a sweet enchanting song,
 And won each willing chord to pour
 A melody unheard before.
 And so the soul that finds its rest
 Reposing on a Saviour's breast,

Earth hath no syren charms to move
 The heart which glows with Jesu's love ;
 Pleasure's soft streams which murmur by,
 In vain their magic wooing try,
 And earthly hopes, though sparkling bright,
 In vain emit their meteor-light ;
 The heart its death-like silence keeps,
 Each pensive chord of music sleeps :
 But, when the Spirit from above
 Comes breathing with inspiring love,
 When, like a breeze, it softly steals,
 The heart unwonted stirrings feels.
 It bids each silent chord awake,
 And tunes them all for Jesu's sake.
 Music, how heavenly ! how divine !
 Lord, take this heart, and make it Thine !
 From heaven celestial music bring,
 Breathe, Holy Spirit, make me sing !
 And endless ages shall prolong
 The full rich chorus of the song,
 When with the white-rob'd choir above
 I strike my harp, and sing Thy Love !

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

BY WILLIAM PHILIP WANT.

The rose is fragrant, lovely too,
 Flora's enchanting pride it seems ;
 Charming the bride in tinsels deck'd,
 Her cheeks suffused with beauty's gleams.

 Triumphant to the altar led,
 With sacred bonds she's bound for life
 To share her partner's weal or woe
 And prove herself a faithful wife ;

A mother's joy perchance to know ;
 But with it too a mother's care,
 This moral maxim soon she learns,
 Parents, alas! have much to bear.

Ah! look into the mother's face,
 Survey the flush that sparkles there,
 Say who can paint that watchful eye,
 And who her every anguish share ;

The tender look, th' angelic smile
 She fixes on her slumb'ring child,
 These well the hardest heart might move
 And render it benign and mild.

View it on its fond guardian's knee
 Unconscious of her deep concern
 Of sympathy which it excites,
 Of thoughts which in her bosom burn.

Aye, there it lies, observe it all
 Upon its mother's beauty feed,
 'Tis nourish'd by the tides of life,
 Which through her generous veins proceed.

Approach the cradle of the babe,
 The heavenly cherub sleeping there,
 Behold its quiv'ring lips and see
 Its arms exposed with thoughtless air.

Peace, watcher, peace, sleep on sweet child,
 Uncertain are thy days on earth,
 To-morrow's sun thy spirit takes
 Far from that form which gave thee birth.

Bereft of it, her comfort flies,
 And she is then a mourner here,
 Pronounce those words, thine infant lives,
 Her soul revives, she dries the tear.

And it does live, thus much we know,
 That such our Father's kingdom share,
 Snatch'd from this earth they dwell above,
 The objects of his fostering care.

Maternity ! extatic sound !
 How is it honied round the heart !
 Beloved in manhood, youth, and age,
 'Tis of our dear religion part.

It claims a kindred with the skies,
 Kind Providence the boon bestows ;
 O let man's gratitude arise
 And pay to God the debt he owes !

INFANTINE INNOCENCE.

BY HARRY MICKLETHWAIT, ESQ., ROTHERHAM.

Soft and tranquil be thy slumbers,
 To that tender bosom prest,
 Be thy dreams like music's numbers,
 Infant of the spotless breast.
 Rest in peace, thou mother's joy,
 Whilst she, faithful, watcheth o'er thee,
 From intrusion to defend thee,
 Guardian o'er her sleeping boy.

Rest in peace, thou lonely sleeper,
 Undisturbed by thought or cares,
 For the hour will come when deeper
 Thoughts will be engraved by tears ;
 And that mantling smile be shrouded
 By fierce passion's gloomy frown,
 And that brow, fair virtue's throne,
 Be by rage or anguish clouded.

Be thy tranquil sleep unshaken
 By those vine leaves' rustling noise,
 For in manhood thou shalt waken
 To the war-trump's hostile voice,
 And thy weary limbs be cast
 On the earth's cold naked bed,
 Whilst around thy helmed head
 Peals the chilling wintry blast.

Softly sleep, thou gentle one,
 Pillowed on that holy breast,
 Whilst ascend to heaven's throne
 Prayers for thee the loved, the blest,
 Mingled with a prayer for him,
 The absent father of her child,
 Whose fancied dangers, fierce or wild,
 The brightness of her blue eyes dim.

Calm those fancies, cheer thy heart,
 Let not tears unbidden stray,
 Ere yon golden sun depart,
 He shall kiss each drop away—
 Shall break thy infant's balmy rest
 By a father's transports mild—
 And that mother and her child
 Shall bless and in return be blest.

A FRAGMENT OF THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS FURBANK, M.A.

" O for that Seraph voice whose lofty strains
 " Sung warring spirits in th' ethereal plains,
 " And Gabriel, driving from the realms of bliss
 " Hell's vanquish'd legions to the deep abyss!
 " Then might I paint the fury of the fight,
 " And all the horrors of that dreadful night,
 " When the great Nelson, in Aboukir's Bay,
 " Descried the Gallic fleet, and darted on his prey."—DUPRE.

" Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori."—HORACE.

On the first of August, 1798—a day with which the annals of British seamen will ever be emblazoned—the Pharos of Alexandria, a time-worn relic of the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, was a second time seen casting its shadow over the lake Mareotis by the British fleet, under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson. For nearly twenty centuries, this wonder of the world had been the land-mark by day and the beacon-light by night to the pathless wanderer o'er the deep—the sea-beat mariner: yet, ere the sun had again attained his altitude, it was to be illumined, not, indeed, as heretofore, by that calm and placid light indicative of kindness and charity to man, but by the lurid ray of suffering and death issuing from a holocaust of human victims sacrificed at the shrine of revolution, folly, and crime.

During little less than three months had the gallant chief been baffled in his pursuit of the French, from being unacquainted with the place of their destination. He knew that a powerful armament had sailed from Toulon on the 20th May, but he could only conjecture to what spot they were bound.* The time however had at length arrived when the two fleets were about to be brought into terrible collision, and the existence of the one to be effaced by the victory of the other.

It was at the hour of noon, on the day first named, that Captain Hood, in command of the *Zealous*, made signal that the enemy's ships, sixteen in number, were at anchor in the Bay of Aboukir, which, as it is bounded on the north-west by

* May 9.—Nelson sailed from Gibraltar, by direction of Earl St. Vincent, to watch the enemy.

May 20.—The armament above alluded to, consisting of fifteen sail of the line, ten or twelve frigates, and two hundred transports, with upwards of forty thousand men, under the command of Napoleon Buonaparte—left Toulon.

May 31.—The British Admiral made that port, having been prevented arriving earlier by a violent gale, which damaged his ship considerably, and there received information of the sailing of the French.

June 5.—The *Mutine* brig conveyed to Nelson the pleasing intelligence that ten sail of the line and a fifty gun frigate were on their way to join him, and that with them he was to go in pursuit of the Toulon expedition.

June 7.—The two British squadrons joined, and Nelson had under his command thirteen ships of seventy-four guns each, one ship of fifty guns, and one gun brig.

June 22.—The two fleets crossed each other's track at night without being aware of the fact.

June 28.—Nelson's fleet first came in sight of Alexandria, but the French had not arrived: it therefore made a retrograde movement and took a northerly course.

July 1.—Admiral Brueys, with the French fleet, arrived off that port and landed Buonaparte.

July 7.—All the French troops had now landed; but as the French ships drew too much water to enter the port they proceeded to the Bay of Aboukir and came to anchor. The fleet consisted of one ship of one hundred and twenty guns, three of eighty, nine of seventy-four, and the frigates. They there waited the issue of Buonaparte's plans, and as such were found on the 1st of August, by the British.

the long neck of land that separates the sea from the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, rendered them hitherto unseen. At this announcement joy beamed in every countenance, and hope anticipated in the bosom of every member of the fleet the realization of his most ardent wishes.

To "conquer or die," when the undertaking is practicable, has ever been the watchword of British sailors, and their resolution on the present occasion, though inferior in number of men and ships to the French, was effected in the earliest possible time. Yet, as the British fleet were sailing at a distance of four or five leagues from the Pharos tower when the enemy were discovered, it was not till half-past five that the signal was made for the ships to form in line of battle, a-head or a-stern of the Admiral, as from their accidental order of sailing they might the readier effect. About twenty minutes past six the first shot was fired from the French, as the leading ships, the Goliath and Zealous, bore down upon them. The enemy's position was of the most formidable kind, their ships being moored upon the two sides, as it were, of an obtuse angle, having the apex or crest, protected by an island in their van, well fortified by mortars and guns of various kinds, whilst each extremity was defended by four frigates and several gun boats; and as they were close in shore, it would seem as if they had almost every advantage on their side, having nothing to do but direct the fire of their artillery, in which it was their boast to be well skilled.

Nelson's object was, in the first place, to secure a victory, and then to render it complete. In doing this he determined to capture the foremost ships before he attacked those in the rear. This was speedily accomplished, for, before twelve minutes had expired from the commencement of the engagement, one of the French ships was dismasted, in ten minutes afterwards a second and third shared the same fate and struck their colours, and the fourth and fifth of the enemy's line were taken possession of by half-past eight. These being secured, such of the British ships as were enabled to proceed sailed forward on their foes.

The battle continued, with only two brief intermissions, till three o'clock in the morning, when the whole of the French fleet were captured, destroyed, or rendered comparatively useless, except two ships and the same number of frigates, which contrived to make their escape.

As early as seven total darkness veiled the sky, yet the British ships, having been directed to hoist four lights horizontally at their mizen peak, and having the white, or St. George's, ensign flying, which bears the red cross in the centre, could easily distinguish their adversaries. A light however was, about the hour of nine, discovered in one of the French ships, the *Orient*, which soon after burst forth into such a blaze as to illumine the surrounding objects, and enable the contending parties to ascertain correctly their respective situations. She was on fire!

“ Breaking impetuous on the aching sight,
All glaring as the sun's meridian rays,
Flame roll'd on flame and blaze succeeded blaze ;”*

And at ten she blew up with such a tremendous explosion as to shake violently many of the ships and open wide their seams. Those in the immediate neighbourhood had anticipated the occurrence, and guarded against it by closing their ports and hatchways, removing combustible materials from their decks, and placing fire-men with buckets to quench the flaming masses that might be cast upon them ; so that the British fleet did not otherwise receive any serious injury from the sad catastrophe.

To the glory of Nelson be it spoken, that when informed of the probability of the awful event, he immediately went on deck, though suffering from a severe wound, and with compassionate generosity gave orders that the boats which could

* Dupre.

he got ready should render every available assistance to the sufferers. By these means about seventy persons were rescued from destruction. The number of individuals who were destroyed with the *Orient* is supposed to have been about EIGHT HUNDRED, including Admiral Brueys, the commander-in-chief. She was the largest of the French ships, and mounted one hundred and twenty guns, with a crew of a thousand and ten souls. The *Timoleon*, a seventy-four, carrying seven hundred men, suffered a like fate. Thus was the Gallic nation bereft of its finest vessels of war. Thus were these proud and impious people, who gloried in infidelity, taught a lesson which marked the worthlessness of their opinions. Thus were they shewn that "the battle is not to the strong;" but that there is One mightier and more powerful than the sons of men, and "who doeth whatsoever he pleaseth in heaven and in earth, in the seas and in all deep places."

Of the British, the *Majestic* was the last ship but one that formed in line of battle. She therefore bore down for the centre and rear of the enemy, and took up her station abreast of the heavy French ship the *Tonnant*. It subsequently happened that the latter having been compelled to cut her cable that she might escape the burning wreck of the *Orient*, and the *Majestic*, being obliged to slip to avoid falling on the hawse of another French ship, the *Heureux*, her position became so changed as to have the former ship of the enemy on her larboard bow, and the other on her starboard quarter, so that when morning dawned she was exceedingly crippled, and had lost, in killed, fifty men, including her commander, Captain George Blagdon Westcott. The death of this brave man took place early in the action. His chaplain had just come on deck, and (though the cock-pit is, during the battle, the place assigned to individuals who are not required to take part in the fight,) had placed his arm within that of his much valued and gallant friend, and was taking a turn with him on the quarter deck, when a shot from the tops struck

the Captain, and he fell speechless into his chaplain's arms. Immediately was he borne below, but death had triumphed. Yet,

“ How sweetly sleep the brave,
 “ From the dust their laurels bloom,
 “ High they shoot and flourish free ;
 “ Glory's temple is the tomb ;
 “ Death is immortality.”*

In addition to the number who had lost their lives on board the *Majestic*—a number greater than any other ship in the British fleet—one hundred and forty of her crew were wounded. Among the latter was a fine youth of eleven years of age, the chaplain's nephew. Though alike related to a gallant captain in the navy, he had accompanied his other uncle on board the *Majestic*, and young as he was, soon gave proof, that should his life be spared, he would be an ornament to his profession and an honour to his country. It may well be imagined with what tender feeling and anxiety for his safety and success in the perilous encounter of

“ The battle and the breeze,”

His fond parent would commit this, her first-born, to the care of her beloved brother, anticipating probably that

“ When the stormy tempests blow :
 “ When the battle rages loud and long,”†

The “ *Ocean*” might be “ his grave,” and “ the deck his field of fame.” Be this as it may, her confidence was not misplaced, and the youthful hero found in his uncle, one disposed to watch over him with all possible affection and concern. As

* Montgomery.

† Campbell.

soon as the engagement had ceased, and the chaplain could, for a moment, leave the surgeons, upon whom it was his office to attend, his first inquiry was for his charge—the gallant boy to whom he was so nearly allied. Search was made : he was not to be seen ; yet he had not been thrown overboard. At length a heap of dead and wounded being removed from besides one of the guns, the youngster was found besmeared with blood and apparently lifeless. His uncle immediately raised him in his arms, and though he seemed like one whose spirit had for ever quitted its clay-tenement, yet he breathed. No time therefore was lost in taking him below and examining his person, when it was ascertained that he had received a dreadful wound across the abdomen, and from which the surgeons could not give the slightest hope of recovery. Life however remained, and an uncle's hopes clung to him with the fondest affection. He placed him in his own cot : he nursed and watched him with the most assiduous care. Nor were this kindness and labour misapplied. The boy rallied, and by the blessing of God was eventually restored to health and duty.

Although we may suppose that the day after the action would be employed in securing the prizes and repairing the ships, yet Nelson's first concern was that public acknowledgment should be offered up to that Almighty Being without whose assistance the wisdom and labour of man are nugatory and unavailing, and who, as "the Lord mighty in battle" had alone "made him to stand" in the hour of conflict and given him the victory. Accordingly the following memorandum was issued :—

*" Vanguard, off the Mouth of the Nile,
August 2, 1798.*

" Almighty God having blessed His Majesty's arms with victory, the Admiral intends returning public thanks for the same at two o'clock this day, and he recommends every ship doing the same as soon as convenient."

" To the respective Officers of the Squadron."

Two o'clock arrived :

“ And now the cannon's peaceful thunder calls
 The victor bands to mount their wooden walls,
 And from the ramparts where their comrades fell,
 The mingled strain of joy and grief to swell :
 Fast they ascend, from stem to stern they spread,
 And crowd the engines whence the lightnings sped :
 The white-robed priest his upraised hands extends ;
 Hushed is each voice, attention leaning bends ;
 Then from each prow the grand hosannas rise,
 Float o'er the deep, and hover to the skies.” *

As a sequel, it may be remarked that when the death of Captain Westcott was known in Honiton, his native place, the inhabitants, generally, for some time put on mourning, as a mark of their high respect for his character when living, and of deep regret at his death. Having entered the service as a cabin-boy, by good conduct and an exemplary discharge of the duties of his profession, he raised himself to the important station he afterwards filled ; and not only did the inhabitants of Honiton erect a monument to his memory, but his country recorded his worth by giving him a niche in one of her proudest Temples. In the testimonial to his memory, raised in St. Paul's Cathedral, Banks has represented him as falling in the embrace of victory. The explosion of the enemy's ship, L'Orient, is introduced in *basso relievo*, while the Egyptian shore is figured by the Sphinx and palms.

His chaplain survived him but ten years, and a mural monument in the south transept of Ripon Minster points out his resting place by the side of his brother—the gallant Captain previously alluded to.

The young hero, his nephew, had, alas ! on leaving home, bidden a last farewell to his relatives and friends. On his departure from the Mediterranean he sailed to the East Indies, where, having acquitted himself to the satisfaction of

* Grahame.

his superiors, he received his commission as Lieutenant in 1807. Unfortunately he was draughted to England in the same year, and embarked on board the *Blenheim* with the intention of returning, but that ship, which bore the flag of Sir Thomas Trowbridge, one of Nelson's most intrepid officers, and his companion in many desperate engagements, foundered at sea about the same time as did the *Java*, when all hands on board perished.

Such was the unhappy termination of a career auspiciously begun ; and though the lamented youth lies entombed beneath the billows of the deep :

“ And tho' no *STONE* may tell
 Thy Name, thy Worth, thy Glory,
 They rest in hearts that lov'd thee well,
 And they grace *BRITANNIA*'s story.” *

His widowed parent is still living. She has, it is true, passed that period when, as the Psalmist asserts, our “ strength is but labour and sorrow,” yet she enjoys a ripened old age, and the respect of all who know her ; and, whether her term of days be protracted or of short duration, she will look forward to the event which awaits her with the same placid equanimity that has marked her endurance of past bereavements, and exclaim to him who gives and takes away :

“ *THY WILL BE DONE.*”

* Shelton.

Οὐχ ὡς ἐγὼ θέλω, ἀλλ' ὡς σὺ.

Matthew xxvi. 39.

BY THE REV. W. H. TEALE, M.A., LEEDS.

Thy will, not mine, be done, O God;
And far from me the wish to shun
The mercies of thy chast'ning rod:
So, gracious Lord, Thy will be done.

When earth's most bitter ills are nigh,
Remind me of thy Saviour son,
Who in his bloody agony
Did meekly pray, Thy will be done.

Should broken be the strongest stay
On which hope's fairest vision hung;
Oh! teach me faithfully to say,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

When gushing tears can only flow,
And speechless is the silent tongue,
Tho' bleeds the heart, and burns the brow,
Still let me *feel*, Thy will be done.

And may, in life's expiring hour,
When time's swift sands are nearly run,
Resigned beneath death's harmless power,
This be my prayer, Thy will be done!

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

BY W. A. JACKSON, HEADINGLEY.

When Aire its silvery waters roll'd
 Untainted by the foreign die,
 And natural cloth of green and gold
 O'erspread the vale and uplands high;
 Long ere at Mammon's dingy shrine,
 A thousand wheels their homage paid,
 When Heaven's sun could freely shine
 Undimm'd by clouds which man has made;

In that fair time, to this fair spot,
 A group of wandering pilgrims came,
 A quiet nook, a peaceful lot,
 Were all their wishes' end and aim.
 Here far, they said, from care and strife,
 From thorny paths we long have trod,
 Here let us live a holy life,
 And build a temple to our God.

Then, Kirkstall, sprang thy stately pile
 Rejoicing from the green earth's breast,
 Fit home for thought and pious toil,
 For letter'd ease, and holy rest.
 Duly at morn and even-tide
 The voice of prayer and praise uprose,
 While waving woods responsive sighed,
 Nor failed their echoes at the close.

And if some darker shadows fell
 At times across this beauteous scene—
 If stern unpaltering records tell
 Of errors gross and vices mean—
 Still much of genuine piety,
 And much of learning's antique grace,
 And faith, and hope, and charity,
 Were nurtured in this hallowed place.

Ne'er went the mendicant away
 His scrip unfill'd, his heart uncheer'd,
 Ne'er Sabbath pass'd or holy-day
 By solemn service unendear'd;
 And o'er these pastoral wilds was thrown
 The charm of fair civility,*
 And rustic plainness temper'd down
 By nature's true gentility.

Fie on the desolating hand
 Of bigot zeal, more cruel far
 Than savage Hun, or Pictish band,
 Or rage of elemental war!

* "An air, a mien of dignified pursuit,
 Of sweet civility, on rustic wilds."

These beauteous forms of strength and power,
 The crowning glories of our land,
 Which tooth of time could scarce devour,
 In sudden ruin roofless stand!

These walls, with moss and ivy drest,
 Are now the bat's bleak dwelling place,
 From ancient life they seem to rest,
 And smile at each succeeding race—
 Scorning whatever man can do,
 In their majestic, slow decay,
 Deface the old, or raise the new—
 Ephemeral beings of a day.

And still a spirit dwells in thee,
 O Kirkstall, and around thy towers,
 All bared and shattered though they be,
 Float shadows of ancestral powers.
 And scenes of elder, simpler times,
 Come thronging o'er the thoughtful heart,
 That idly spins these tedious rhymes,
 With lingering steps, loth to depart.

L'ENVOY.

Now, reader, if the strain that tells
 Of ancient zeal and charity,
 Within thy heart one moment dwells,
 And wakes one chord in sympathy,
 O list to him, who fain would raise
 Another temple in the vale,
 So may thy lot be length of days—
 So may thy scrip and cruise not fail!

IMPROMPTU

ON RECEIVING A LETTER FROM HER FRIEND MR. R., IN WHICH HE REJOICES
THAT THOUGH VERY OLD HE STILL RETAINS ALL HIS FACULTIES.

BY MRS. PERRING, LEEDS.

Rich in earth's blessings, happiness, and ease,
With every social comfort that can please,
Old age without infirmities or pains,
Dear Friend, are these thy losses or thy gains?
Doth thy soul prosper? For I fain would know;
And do the flowers of faith, hope, patience, grow?
Are earthly glories fading from thy view,
And waiting, trusting, say dost thou renew
Thy strength, till grace "her perfect work complete,"
Conduct thee safely to Emmanuel's feet?
With earnest prayers that this thy lot may be,
Eliza proves her friendship still for thee.

ADELINE.

LINES ON A LOVELY INFANT, ON ITS DEPARTURE FOR A DISTANT LAND.

BY F. W. CRONHELM, ESQ.

Bud of promise! verify
All that fondest hopes impart;
Light with pride thy father's eye,
Thrill with joy thy mother's heart!

Bud of hope! entreated flower!
In whatever land thou blow,
Truth and goodness be thy dower,
Blessings earn, and bliss bestow!

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

BY J. W. PARTRIDGE, ESQ., HORSFORTH.

Dear babe, thy little prattle
 Charms a parent's heart,
 Thy dimpled cheek, thy beaming eye,
 To him true joy impart :

He partial reads the future,
 Th' aspiring spirit traces
 Thro' many a year of sweet delight.
 Adorning thee with graces.

Too fondly doating o'er thee,
 He fain would this forget,
 That all thy charms must perish,
 That e'en thy sun must set :

That, as the springing flower,
 Which decks the early scene,
 At noon is numbered only
 With things that once have been,

So thou, my babe, must wither,
 So thou, my child, must die,
 So thou wilt be forgotten
 And in the cold grave lie.

Then let it be my care, love,
 To guide thee in the way
 Of truth ; for that alone can
 Lead to th' eternal day.

Sweet virtue let me cherish,
 The only flower below
 Which lives for ever blooming
 In this wide world of woe.

Thus shall we meet again, love,
 To part no more for ever,
 Death shall re-unite the hearts
 Which nought but death could sever.

TO FLORENCE, ON HEARING OF HER ILLNESS.

BY R. H. KENNEDY, M.D.,

SUPERINTENDING SURGEON, SINDE FIELD FORCE, BOMBAY.

My heart watch'd with thee, Florence, my sweet child,
 When on the bank of Indus in my tent
 I slept a troubled sleep ; my spirit went
 In quest of thee my poor pale rose, and smil'd
 'Mid intermitted ills ;—the while, beguiled
 Of thorn and sting, night pass'd—too quickly spent—
 Whilst thou wert mine in visions, how I bent
 In ecstacy of feeling o'er thee ! O ! how wild
 And rapturous were my transports, undefil'd
 With one alloy of earth ; on thy young cheek
 Glow'd roseate health, and thy bright eyes did speak
 Of happiness to-day—and for to-morrow,
 Vain, fleeting, false !—how sadly doth day break
 To him who sleeps to joy, and wakes to sorrow.

“REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF
THY YOUTH.”

BY MRS. CURTIES, READING.

When pleasures are newest,
And sorrows are fewest,
Oh! then is the time of delight!
In childhood our hours
Are perfumed with flowers,
That spring where our footsteps alight.

Old Time with your glass,
Oh! stop ere you pass,
And give me one moment again;
Oh! no; he is gone,
He is journeying on,
And will not an instant remain.

When joys are the brightest,
And young hearts are lightest,
Oh! let us not pass on too soon;
But alas! there's no string
Can tie Time by the wing,
The morning leads on to the noon.

While hope blooms the fairest,
And young life is dearest,
My thoughts let my Maker engage;
Tho' sorrows o'ertake me,
He will not forsake me
When I shall arrive at old age.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO HIS NIECE ON ATTAINING HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.

BY JOHN HOPE SHAW, ESQ., LEEDS.

When last the poet's magic art
 I ventur'd to essay,
 My theme, dear girl, was to impart
 The feelings of an uncle's heart,
 Upon thy natal day.

How was that age of childhood blest,
 From care and sorrow free!
 Cloudless the sunshine of thy breast,
 Thy nights were past in gentle rest,
 Thy days in harmless glee.

I lov'd thy frolics unconfin'd,
 Thy infant prattle gay,
 I lov'd to aid, with guidance kind,
 The earliest dawns of thy mind,
 And mark each bright'ning ray.

But great the change that has been wrought
 In six eventful years,
 Advancing time new scenes has brought,
 New friendships form'd, new lessons taught,
 New duties, hopes, and fears.

And thou, a romping child erewhile,
 Art my companion now ;
 To welcome, with affection's smile,
 My respites brief from care and toil,
 And soothe my aching brow.

The toys and sports of early age
 Thy rip'ning pow'rs disdain,
 And graver trains of thought engage
 A mind intent on learning's page,
 Or music's measur'd strain.

Yet still each hour serenely glides
 In cheerful, light employ ;
 The hand that all thy footsteps guides,
 For every stage of life provides
 Its own appropriate joy.

To-day he sends a richer treat ;
 Then join the festive scene,
 With smiles of cordial welcome meet
 Each friend whose kindly wishes greet
 My Fanny at Thirteen.

FAREWELL TO CHILDHOOD.

BY W. S. WOOD, ESQ.

SCHOLAR OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Farewell to childhood! like a dream at waking
 Seems the brief vista of those happy years,
 When life's young blossoms into beauty breaking
 Breathed only fragrance: no corroding fears
 Clouded the future; and if gush of tears

Burst forth at times, 'twas but the fleeting shower
 That April often 'mid her sunshine wears,
 Spanning the far-off heaven with bow of power
 And shedding fresher hues on each Spring-blooming flower.

Farewell to childhood ! never pang of sorrow
 Gave more than passing paleness to the cheek :
 Hope looking forward to the blissful morrow
 Enhanced to-day's enjoyment ; and each freak
 And boyish fancy served alike to speak
 The bosom unbedimmed by grief—the mirth
 Which clothes with sunny joyousness all bleak
 And desolate places of the varying earth,
 Lends joy to melancholy, and plenty gives in dearth.

Farewell ! a long farewell ! some thought of sadness
 Cannot but steal at times upon my heart,
 Mingling unbidden with its hours of gladness.
 Even as when the friends we love depart,
 Forgotten scenes upon the memory dart,
 Stirring its founts of feeling, till the brow
 Is clouded, and unwilling tear-drops start ;
 And when at length lingering and loth they go,
 The words of parting fall reluctantly and low.

Thus, too, across my fancy's day-dreams fitting
 Come the still voices of departed days,
 And dimly shadowed forth, such strains befitting,
 Hover the pictured forms before my gaze
 Of friends I would have cherished in the maze,
 The intricate maze, of being. But no more
 Shall mortal eye behold them through the haze
 Wrapping all spiritual things, till time be o'er,
 The voyage ended on eternity's far shore.

Full many joys, perchance, may be hereafter ;
 Full many hopes unfold themselves to view ;
 But when, in place of childhood's thoughtless laughter,
 The stern realities of life ensue,
 When other friends—it may be none more true—
 Will be my partners in the future toil,
 Deem it not strange that hopes and friends so new
 Should sometimes fail my sadness to beguile,
 Should sometimes be denied the power to win a smile.

All will be changed ! but childlike still in feeling
 Would I prepare for manhood's opening cares,
 And while the years roll onward, each revealing
 Some novel aspect that existence wears,
 The world's unnumbered wiles, her slights and snares,
 Fain would I pray amid the increasing load—
 Pray with the meekness of a child's first prayer—
 To tread with undeviating step the road,
 Rough though it be and strait, that leads man to his God.

EVENING.

BY GEORGE WILSON, ESQ., LEEDS.

Beneath yon west the weary sun is dying,
 Through the dark boughs a lonely voice is sighing ;
 On the still river not a ripple swells,
 Scarce doth it vibrate to the vesper bells.
 Let us roam forth, Marie !
 Seest thou the stars in lustrous beauty ? meek
 As tears new fall'n upon an angel's cheek.
 Seest thou the stars ? they are celestial eyes,
 Which weep still sorrow for the miseries
 Frail mortals cannot flee !

There is a melody—around—above—
 Throughout high space—the melody of love.
 There are no voices—neither breath nor words—
 But the whole silent universe affords

A thrill of deepest pow'r.

The planets humming as they wander forth,
 The moonbeams singing as they leap to earth :
 The blades of grass in stirless rapture growing ;
 The harps of heaven an echo faintly throwing
 Over the world's best hour.

The spirits of the past to night are here,
 Seeking old haunts amid the moonlight clear ;
 Feel'st thou not, ever and anon, the chill
 Of passing souls into thy nature thrill ?

Hear'st thou no rushing wings ?

Our dead first-born this night hath left the choir
 Of white-rob'd seraphs with the golden lyre ;
 And these fond yearnings of our hearts are given
 To warn us that a child of love from heaven
 Joins in our wanderings.

Speak we on earth ? or is it some wild dream
 Which buoys our senses on its mystic stream ?
 Is it indeed our infant's voice which calls,
 Or cherub stray'd from Love's ethereal halls ?

Why weepest thou, Marie,

Why weepest thou ? It is because my tongue
 Hath nam'd the source whence all our grief hath sprung.
 Let us depart—and with more earnest pray'r
 Seek Him who lightens every load we bear ;

Him of Eternity !

EPITAPH

IN TILLINGTON CHURCH YARD, SUSSEX,

BY THE LATE WM. HAYLEY, ESQ.

Ye passing Villagers who loitering tread
 Across these hallow'd mounds of mouldering dead,
 Leave not unmark'd this unpresuming tomb,
 Where Christian virtue waits her final doom.
 The fostering mother of our hamlet here,
 Rests from those labours which her name endear,
 And all the Village, in rememb'rance just,
 Honour'd with tears of deep regret her dust.

EPITAPH ON A LITTLE GIRL.

FROM THE GREEK.

BY C. W. STOCKER, D.D., ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Thou didst not die, sweet Maiden, but remove
 To a far better place. Thou now dost love
 To dwell in bright Elysium's happy isles,
 Where bloom eternal spring's unfading smiles;
 There frisk with fawn-like steps, there blithely trill
 Thy bird-like song, beyond the reach of ill.
 No more shall summer scorch thee, winter freeze,
 Or thirst or hunger, trouble or disease
 Assail. Nor dost thou long to tread again
 (What men call "life"!) a pilgrimage of pain:
 For these thou *hast* life; LIFE of endless day,
 Where Heav'n's empyreal arch is lit with purest ray.

TRANSLATION OF AN EPITAPH IN THE CEMETERY
OF PERE LA CHAISE, PARIS.

BY W. H. B. STOCKER, B.A., INCUMBENT OF HORSFORTH.

Thou art resting in innocence here,
In a cradle that's dreary and chill :
Awake, love, and dry up the tear
That drops at thy sleeping so still.

“ CONCERNING THEM WHICH ARE ASLEEP.”

1 THESS. iv. 13.

BY THE REV. JOHN HAIGH, B. A.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Tread softly, for she sleeps—how calm that brow !
The heated cheek has lost its fev'rish glow !
She slumbers sweetly—yet, there is no breath !
The heart has ceased to beat!—can this be death ?
'Tis but a slumber—yes, the day-light's past,
May not the weary sink to sleep at last ?
The shades of night are gath'ring in the west,
May not the pilgrim hie him to his rest ?
That dreamy smile ! 'tis heaven's own signet-ring,
'Tis a reflection from the angel-wing,
That wing of radiant light which bore on high
Th' enraptur'd spirit to its native sky :
O death, how beautiful ! Thus would I sleep !
Such be my last repose, so calm ! so deep !
Asleep in Jesus, till the morning break,
And the last trump the slumb'ring dust awake.

REDEMPTION.

BY W. H. B. STOCKER, B.A., INCUMBENT OF HORSFORTH.

Where proud Euphrates rolled his tide,
 Where trees were decked with fadeless green,
 And verdant lawns expanded wide,
 There first the form of man was seen.

Not mortal then—he loved to stray
 Through Eden's bowers with her, whom heaven
 Had formed to cheer him on his way—
 Had as a fitting consort given.

And as the shades of evening shed
 Refreshing dews o'er Eden's sod,
 He loved, unchecked by sin and dread,
 To hold sweet converse with his God.

But, oh ! how soon an awful change
 Was seen ! how soon did sin destroy
 His prospects bright, his heart estrange
 From God, and scatter all his joy !

His trust in his Creator's word
 One sole command was given to try ;
 He kept not faithful to his Lord ;
 He sinned—and so was doomed to die.

But death is conquered, Hades' chains
 Are broken now ; and man may sing—
 Redeemed, forgiven—in joyful strains
 The praises of his God and King.

Go with the eye of faith, and see
 The infant in the manger lying—
 Then climb the mount of Calvary,
 And watch the lowly prophet dying :

That infant is the son of God—
 That prophet is the King of Glory :
 His back for us has borne the rod,
 For us his hands and brow are gory.

Go, view him now ascend on high
 To those bright seats he owned before,
 And claim a kingdom in the sky
 For man, whose sin and shame he bore.

And see him soon—with glory crowned—
 Almighty to destroy or save—
 Return with trumpets' awful sound
 To call the nations from the grave.

Then must we all before him stand ;
 And they who loved, and served him well
 On earth, shall join him in the land
 Of peace, where joys eternal dwell.

MARY MAGDALENE.

LUKE vii.

BY AN OXONIAN, LATE FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE.

By Simon called the feast to share,
 A mortal's board IMMANUEL blest ;
 And many a gazing eye was there,
 To mark that meek but wondrous guest ;

Nor long had marked, with hurried pace,
 When, lo ! a guest unbidden came ;
 Deep sorrow marred her faded face,
 The piteous blight of sin and shame.

Unasked she came, but not unknown ;
 Her conscious bosom inly bled,
 Yet passed the sinner boldly on,
 By more than mortal impulse led.

Prostrate the SAVIOUR's couch beside
 She kissed His feet—and duteous there,
 The precious balsam poured, and dried
 Her mingling sorrows with her hair.

She reck'd not of their scornful glance,
 Unheeded fell each angry tone ;
 Rapt in o'erpowering mental trance
 She sees, she hears, her LORD alone.

Yes, sinner, yes—that impulse high
 That led thee thither came from heaven ;
 Which bade thee mourn thy sin's deep dye,
 Yet hope and love like one forgiven.

Tho' man deride thine anguish wild,
 For ever now thy sorrows cease ;
 The SAVIOUR owns His long lost child,
 And bids the mourner go in peace.

O wondrous power of grace divine,
 At once to rouse, convert, console !
 Such tears of penitence be mine,
 And love like Mary's melt my soul.

And when at length, life's thralldom o'er,
 This spirit hopes yet fears release,
 LORD ! may Thy voice, at that dread hour,
 In gentle accents whisper peace.

PROVIDENCE.

BY HARRY MICKLETHWAIT, ESQ., ROTHERHAM.

The golden sunlight of a summer's eve
 Shone on a cottage, overhung with flowers,
 That, lonely, 'mid a still sequestered vale
 Upraised its lowly head ;—the whispering wind
 Soft moved the murmuring leaves, whilst from the boughs,
 Breathing of harmony and love, the evening song
 Of nature's feathered choristers rose softly sweet.
 How bounteous are thy gifts, great God of Heaven,
 To man's too sinful race ! for Thou his wants
 Hast all supplied, and on his wondering mind
 And soul enrapt hast poured thy splendour forth,
 And bathed it in thy rich magnificence.
 The dewy brightness of the early morn,
 When nature wakes refreshed ; the silent eve,
 When like an infant tired she sinks to sleep ;
 The changing seasons with their varying hues,
 Each beautiful alike ; the solemn night
 With all her countless lamps that stud the sky,—
 These are thy gifts, and thus so wondrous fair
 His habitation here hast Thou endowed.
 E'en in this earthly globe are moments, when
 The still tranquillity of earth and sky
 Spreads round the human heart a heavenly charm,
 And all things breathe of happiness and peace.
 E'en such this hour, e'en such the stillness thrown
 O'er hill and vale, e'en such the calm around,

That who could dream of pain or sorrow here !
 But in the brightest hour of human life
 A something intervenes to mar the bliss,
 A sorrow 'neath the rosebud lurks unseen
 To pain the heart and stamp it wretched still.
 For from that open lattice, hark ! a sound
 Of stifled grief, and now a thrilling cry,
 A cry of heartstruck sorrow and distress,
 The wail of death, a mother's mournful shriek
 When, pressing with her anxious lip the brow
 Of the pale slumberer on its lowly couch,
 She feels the chill of death—the hour long feared,
 The hour of separation and despair.
 “ Who dies in early youth is blest by heaven : ”
 Such was the moral ancient sages taught :
 Yet to the heart bereaved such words but seem
 A cruel mocking of a mother's grief,
 A grief that hears not, heeds not, cannot feel
 Words breathed by friendship's or affection's lips ;
 A grief that all-absorbs the mourning heart,
 And bows its wretched victim to the earth.
 But from on high a voice divine hath said,
 “ Come unto me who mourn, come those who weep,
 And I will give you rest.”

A WANDERER'S THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. PERRING, LEEDS.

Farewell my pleasant vale, it is my lot
 To go far off from thee ;
 To leave the shelter of my peaceful cot,
 And track the boundless sea.

But shall I e'er forget thee ? Answer no !
 Ye echos that surround
 My happy straw-roof'd shed ; where wild flowers grow,
 Breathing sweet perfume round.

Shall I forget thee ? Will the turtle dove
 Her downy nest forsake ;
 Leaving the unfledg'd nurslings of her love
 For cruel hands to take ?

Ye shades that witness'd oft the fond delight
 Which fill'd my glowing breast,
 What time the sun behind the mountain's height
 In beauty sunk to rest :

Ye streams, on whose fair banks I lov'd to stray
 When evening's gentle sigh
 Bade the bright moon upon your waters play
 And lit the stars on high :

Ye trees, whose over-hanging boughs have made
 A shelter from the heat,
 When with my slight repast I sought the shade
 Of your belov'd retreat :

Shall I forget ye ? Never, till this heart
 Hath lost its wonted glow ;—
 'Till love, and hope, and feeling, all depart,
 And tears have ceased to flow !

I will remember *thee*, my peaceful vale,
 Whatever be my lot;
 If prosperous breezes swell the gallant sail
 I'll think upon my cot.

Or should the storm arise and tempests flee,
 In terror round my head,
 E'er in the midst I will *remember thee*,
My little straw-roof'd shed.

A WIDOWED MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY OVER HER SLEEPING INFANT.

BY THE REV. JOHN HAIGH, B.A., WORTLEY.

Sleep softly, lovely one, and take thy rest,
 Care sits but lightly on thy infant breast,
 That placid brow betrays no inward woes,
 No anxious dreams disturb thy still repose.
 Sweet be thy slumbers! time alas! will bring
 Sorrow and sighing on its darkling wing;
 Smile, while thou canst, amid thy slumbers deep,
 Care soon will come to mar that placid sleep.
 May guardian angels hover near, and spread
 Their sheltering wings of mercy o'er thy head!
 God of the widow, hear the widow's prayer—
 Thou Father of the fatherless, O spare,
 O spare this only hope, my lovely boy,
 And cause the widow's heart to sing for joy!
 Heaven bless thee, sweetest! be thy darkness light!
 May heaven's own glory gild the shades of night!
 Good night, my lovely babe—one parting kiss—
 O be thy sleep of death as calm as this!

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

BY A LIEUTENANT IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

Prouder scene never hallow'd war's pomp to the mind,
 Than when Christendom's pennons woo'd social the wind,
 And the flower of her brave for the combat combined,
 Their watchword, humanity's vow :
 Not a sea-boy that fought in that cause, but mankind
 Owes a garland to honor his brow.

CAMPELL.

Beautiful looked the newly white-washed castles and batteries of Algiers, as, on the morning of the 27th of August, 1816, the fleet, under the command of Lord Exmouth, arrived off that port. There 1500 pieces of ordnance bristled in their embrasures, and 40 gun-boats and 9 frigates added to the defence of the place. About half-past two P. M. almost all the ships had taken up their stations according to signal. The *Fury* bomb, in which I had the honor of serving as a midshipman, was commanded by Captain C. R. Moorsom, eldest son of the late Admiral Sir Robert Moorsom, K. C. B., who so nobly commanded *H. M. S. Revenge* in the ever-memorable battle of *Trafalgar*. She was moored head and stern with her larboard broadside to the batteries in the line of the largest diameter of the town, so that the shells which were thrown from her could not miss their aim ; and her position was such as was deemed by the Captain sufficient to give precision of fire with proper effect on stone walls.

The *Fury* was furnished with two mortars—one of thirteen inches in diameter, the other of ten and a half—also with twelve carronades : she commenced firing about three o'clock, and gave her parting shot at midnight, during which time 308 shells had been discharged from her deck. With the *Fury* were associated three other bomb-vessels—the *Hecla* which fired 154 shells, the *Infernal* 149, and the *Beelzebub* 167. This quick firing on the part of the *Fury* was accomplished by a combination of arrangements made by her commander, different from the rest, and which, with some improvements of the late Sir William Congreve, have since been adopted in all other bombs, so that a bomb of the present day would fire as quick as the *Fury* did, but not quicker on account of heating the mortars.

The arrangements referred to were as follow : two fakes of the small lower cable were hauled up on the main deck, thereby leaving space sufficient in the cable tier to fix a shoot—one of the spare fishes for the lower masts—along which were rolled the shells for the purpose of being filled in a temporary place erected for the purpose on the quarter-deck instead of the usual one.

It was impossible to have fired more shells from a couple of mortars in the same time than did the *Fury*, and once we were compelled to stand fast to let the mortars cool. Yet my servant, a marine artilleryman of the name of Harvey, who was stationed in the thirteen inch mortar bed, never left his post during the action. About eight o'clock I took him a good draught of weak rum and water, which, he remarked to me, was worth his right arm. One other circumstance I must relate in reference to this fine fellow. It happened that the place for hanging up my cot was in the cable tier, and when the firing terminated, I gladly laid myself on the top of it—being completely exhausted—without having it suspended. In a moment after I was in a sound sleep from which I was presently aroused by my faithful Harvey, who insisted upon my waking up until he hung the cot in its usual place, and saw me snugly deposited between the sheets ; and not till then

would he retire to his own hammock. In proof of the fatigue we underwent I may state that I found myself indulging in *forty winks* during the action, and Captain Moorsom's boy slept soundly for some time on one of the carronade slides in spite of the thundering shocks from the mortars which were indeed fit to split our ears. So great was the concussion which they produced, that hides were nailed against the carlings of the main deck to prevent the chronometers being injured in the Captain's cabin: but as the aftermost or thirteen inch mortar became so heated the shock was such as to draw out the nails, and a carpenter was stationed for the purpose of replacing the hides after each discharge.

The day after the battle was employed in offering terms of peace to the Dey through the medium of the Captain of the port. These were acceded to on the following day, among which it was stipulated that on the next day the Christian slaves, of whom there were 1400, should embark at the hour of two (P.M.) It fell to my lot to have charge of the ship's barge on that occasion, and it probably never happened to any one to witness a more spirit-stirring scene than was the embarkation of these poor creatures from the accursed soil where many of them had been loaded with the heaviest chains for upwards of thirty years. I doubt whether I can ever again be engaged in any service which will create such feelings as I then experienced, and which were more gratifying to me than could have been the possession of the whole of the Dey's treasure.

The slaves were marched down to the wharf in lots, and as my boat was waiting her turn to get to the stairs, so eager was their desire for liberty that they threw themselves off the wharf into the boat without seeming to care whether they reached the bottom with whole limbs or not, and I was obliged to draw my sword and threaten them before they would desist from this frightful mode of proceeding. Yet, as we were quitting the shore it was indeed most exhilarating to hear them exclaim in their various provincialisms (for they belonged to the different Mediterranean ports) "Long live

King George." On taking them along side the vessel which was to convey them to their respective places of destination, I found that the officer who commanded her had been obliged to make them lie down on deck, and so closely were they stowed, that on trying to reach the cabin, I found it impossible to avoid treading upon some of them, without picking my way very carefully. This precaution was however rendered unnecessary, for the moment I stepped from the gangway, my foot was seized and placed by a man upon his breast, and most lovingly hugged, and in this way I gradually got to the cabin, each man testifying his gratitude by embracing the feet as they were respectively allowed to make their way among this mass of grateful beings. My return to the boat was by a similar process.

Immediately afterwards we set sail for our native shores, rejoicing that we had added another wreath to Britannia's brow, and given another proof that as "Britons never shall be slaves," they cannot look with satisfaction on the slavery of others.

CLARA'S TOMB.

BY SAMUEL LISTER, ESQ.

CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

I saw her in her infancy
 With curling, golden hair,
 How sweet, how cherub fair !
 Reposing on her mother's knee,
 A blossom on the parent tree.

Oft have I bended o'er
 Her cradle, as she slept,
 And oft on softest tiptoe crept,
 Lest she should wake before,
 To steal a sweet, sweet kiss
 Of innocence and bliss.
 I've gazed upon her marble features
 Calm as in happy death ;
 She, loveliest of living creatures,
 Scarce seemed a thing of breath,
 But rather some pale fragrant flower
 Fallen asleep at even-hour,
 While the gentlest zephyr blows
 Softly o'er its soft repose.

I saw her in her childhood's hours
 Dance and laugh amidst the flowers,
 With feelings fresh and new ;
 The daisies kissed her little feet,
 And the violets blue ;
 Gay as a fairy queen,
 She ruled the magic scene,
 With charm complete.

Her laugh was full of melody—
 The lark, that blithely sang
 Till the blue vault of heaven rang
 With mirth and joy and glee,
 Was not more glad than she.
 Her smile—the richest, gayest dress
 Beauty could give to happiness.

I saw her as an opening rose,
 Maturer form and grace disclose,
 In fuller lines of beauty ;
 And childhood's free confiding glance,
 Died beneath laws of duty.
 Modest, gentle, light, and fair,
 As the angel of a trance,
 With her long and golden hair,
 Daughter of joy, unknown to care,
 She moved as in the air.

I saw her form and feelings rise
 To womanhood's perfection,
 She seemed from the blue mirror skies
 A seraph's bright reflection !
 And pensive glanced her trembling eye,
 And oft escaped a gentle sigh,
 She seemed as if she feared, yet sought
 An object where might softly melt
 The feelings tender, passion fraught
 Of love, which in her heart she felt.

He came of high and noble blood,
 His fine brow stamp'd with honor,
 And sweetly smiled he as he stood,
 And earnest gazed upon her,
 Her eyes drank in his looks of love,
 Her soul could feel each glance ;
 Gay as a summer singing-bird
 With song of harp to please she strove,
 And her young heart would gaily dance
 At his approving word.

But o'er their summer hung a cloud,
 They danced beneath a pall,—
 A jealous rival, fierce and proud,
 Climb'd o'er the garden wall,
 And, like a snake, crept slowly on,
 O'er yielding grass and mossy stone,
 To where she with her lover stood,
 Then plunged into his noble blood,
 A hissing, poisonous dart!
 Down—dead he fell, without a sigh :
 A film of sickness closed her eye,
 She could not weep, she could not cry,
 To ease her bursting heart.

She stood as still and mute as stone,
 The statue of despair!
 Without a sigh, without a groan,
 With long dishevelled hair!
 Her eye's bright sparkle dreadful shone,
 Yet fix'd as marble was her face,
 Expression's varying, changeful grace,
 Hardened, yet strangely beautiful ;
 Cold, pale as death,
 She seemed alive without a soul,—
 A being without breath.

No flower can live without the sun,
 She could not live when he was gone,
 Her soul had fled with his ;
 And life soon left her living corpse,
 And there she buried lies.
 And many a passing stranger stops
 To gaze upon that sculptured tomb,
 Where they have carved her lover's form,
 Pointing to heaven as their home !

WATERS OF ELLE.

BY THE LATE LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

Waters of Elle ! thy limpid streams are flowing,
 Smooth and untroubled o'er the flowery vale ;
 On thy green banks once more the wild rose blowing,
 Greets the young spring and scents the passing gale.

Here 'twas at eve, when near this bank reposing,
 One, still too dear, first breath'd his vows to me ;
 " Wear this," he cried, then first his thoughts disclosing,
 " Near to thy heart for one who loves but thee !"

Love's cherish'd gift, the rose he gave, is faded ;
 Love's blighted flower shall never bloom again,
 Weep for thy fault, in heart and mind degraded,
 Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

Could'st thou recal the vows that once were plighted,
 Vows full of love, of innocence and truth ;
 Could'st thou recal the scenes that once delighted—
 Scenes of past joy, that bless'd my early youth.

Chang'd is the scene, nor ever spring arraying
 Nature in charms, to me can make it fair,
 Ill-fated love clouds o'er my path pourtraying
 Years past of bliss, and future of despair.

Waters of Elle ! tho' threatening tempests lour,
 Bright, swift, and clear thy streams impetuous dart
 O'er thy green banks, the spring's young blossom's flower ;
 All breathes in vain for this forsaken heart.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO LADY CAROLINE LAMB ON READING "WATERS OF ELLE."

BY THE LATE LORD JOHN TOWNSHEND.

Fair Elle! whose tributary waters glide
In mild obedience, roll'd to ocean's tide,
Their progress stopt, hark! how the torrent roars,
O'er-swells thy banks and wildly threatens thy shores.

But oh! when calm within their native bounds
How silver sweet their warbling music sounds,
There when o'er coral sands thy currents stray,
Kissing each sedge that greets their winding way.

Run on, for ever run, pellucid stream,
At once thy poet's model, pride, and theme,
Flow thus his own soft verse! smooth, clear, and strong,
When least controll'd the muse, most sweet her song.

SONNET TO THE RIVER WHARFE.

BY THE REV. R. RIDSDALE, M.A., PREBENDARY OF CHICHESTER.

Welcome, my native stream, full many a day
Of joy and sadness o'er my head has pass'd,
Since first upon thy banks I us'd to stray,
When care no shadows o'er life's path had cast.
Yet passing years to thee no change has brought,
And o'er thy pebbled bed thy waters flow
As soft and limpid, as when first was taught
The Muse's influence in my breast to glow :
With cheerful heart, I hail thy banks again,
As I would welcome a long parted friend ;
Fondly recalling all the busy train
Of joys, which in my bosom used to blend.
Years yet to come, should they be granted me,
May they glide peaceful, as they've pass'd with thee!

THE BEE-HIVE.

BY MRS. CURTEIS, READING.

Come hither, little wandering bee,
 And tell me why you roam,
 Why cannot you content yourself
 In building cells at home ?

I'll tell you, little lady, why
 I roam about all day,
 And visit every little flower
 I meet with on my way.

I'm on the wing by early dawn,
 And search each flow'ret's cup,
 To take its honey, ere the sun
 Has time to drink it up.

With merry heart and joyful wing
 I carry home my store,
 And having hived it carefully,
 Hasten out to gather more.

What has you bee upon its thighs,
 So yellow and so bright ?
 See how it flies, although its load
 Cannot be very light.

'Tis bread from flowers' farina made—
 That yellow dust you see,
 When kneaded well, becomes a paste,
 To feed the infant bee.

Where are you flying off so fast,
 You little bustling bee?
 I hasten home to feed the young,
 And tend the nursery.

You droning bee with sounding horn,
 What is your task, pray tell,
 You're bigger than the other bees,
 But cannot work so well.

We are the nobles of the hive,
 But very seldom seen,
 Being the royal body-guard,
 Who wait around the queen.

We all have duties to perform,
 No idle bee is found,
 Some cleanse the hive, some guard the gate,
 And some keep watch around.

Some search for plants that give out wax,
 Our curious cells to build,
 In the nice arts of masonry,
 By native instinct skilled.

What then, within your happy hive,
 'Tis industry that's prized?
 Yes, lady, and you'll ever find,
 The idle are despised.

THE VEILED HARP.

LINES ON AN UNKNOWN POETESS.

BY W. F. CRONHELM, ESQ.

She veils her harp, the harp she loves,
 The handmaid of her holiest hours—
 The trusted friend, to whom her heart
 Its treasured depths outpours—

The living harp, that wings to heaven
 Her thoughts away from earth's control,
 And gives her back, in strains of bliss,
 The music of her soul.

She veils her harp—for she would shun
 The uncongenial gaze of Fame,
 Nor let its desecrating voice
 Breathe on her gentle name:

O never rend that beauteous veil!
 Be still unseen that harp of power!
 Yet, sometimes, let those strains of bliss
 Float on the night's still hour.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

BY S. K. Y.

"Whom but to see is to admire,
 "And, oh ! forgive the word—to love."—BYRON.

As the faint sunbeam's genial ray
 Marks the approaching close of day,
 When vivid streaks illumine the west
 And clouds are clad in golden vest—
 Nature arrayed in purple hue,
 Displays her beauties to the view—
 Harmonious, cheerful is the scene—
 All quiet, hushed in peace serene.
 Such the sweet face that beams with virtue's smile,
 Not settled, calm, and tranquil for a while,
 But, like the heaven-born Graces, ever seen
 Void of all malice, envy, hatred, spleen.
 Resplendent glitters in that heavenly face
 A sun which shines in every time and place :
 It's rays pierce deeper than that glorious sun
 Whose beams proclaimed creation far begun.
 Man's the prime object of his Maker's will—
 Man shews his boundless, matchless, wondrous skill.
 Shall woman, then, whose beauteous form and grace
 Of mien, reflect a heart that's pure, give place
 To an inferior second cause—
 Some subject of the heavenly laws ?
 Oh, no ! There golden rays enchanting shine—
 Rays into which all others soon entwine—
 So deep they pierce to reach man's inmost soul,
 O'er all his heart and mind they bear control.

Ask not whose picture have I drawn,
 Whose radiant beauty like the morn
 Of summer—pleasant, fragrant, sweet,
 When flowerets spring around your feet.
Yours is the lovely face I've drawn,
 Resembling much the opening morn—
 Whose hallowed blushes—smiles of virtue—beam
 Worthy a better, more exalted theme.
 If, faint the picture, should the poet fail,
 Let his best wishes for the attempt avail.
 Remote or near, whatever form I see,
 Affection's links will bind my heart to thee.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

BY EDWARD MOXON.

Rogers! when thou art gone, thy graceful page
 Fond hearts will cherish 'mid their choicest stores.
 Happy the man who, while his spirit soars
 And themes immortal his pure thoughts engage,
 Can stoop to earth, Heaven's messenger of love,
 Zealous the wrongs unmerited to assuage
 Of struggling genius or desponding age.
 This be thy fame, my friend. A wreath above
 Even the crown of laurel thou hast won!
 Better it is to win the heart than mind;
 But he who both in one sweet spell can bind,
 Cheer with kind looks, or shine as Dryden shone,
 And something good in every thing can find,
 May safely hope his course he well hath run.

TO MAMMA, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

BY R. H. KENNEDY, M.D., BOMBAY.

Mamma, mamma, what will you say
 When Florence writes ; yet such a day
 As our dear thirtieth of July
 Must make even little Florence try
 To lift her helpless hands in prayer
 To her dear good mamma, and dare
 To hope that God will hear in heav'n,
 The thoughts to infant fancy giv'n ;
 Nay, since we little ones are blest
 With ministering angels, who are placed
 Even at the throne of God, and thence
 Their holy influences dispense
 Upon us here, our parents too
 Must be their care ; yes, *must* be so ;
 God bless you, dear mamma, God bless you,
 And may your Florence ne'er distress you.

And now, mamma, she begs you'll wear
 This grass-green brooch with baby's hair,
 And baby's love ; she could not blot
 The line to write " forget me not" ;
 For how could sweet mamma forget,
 Or fond papa, their only pet ?
 But let the mimic blossom claim
 The magic of its pretty name,
 A talisman to heart and eye,
 And speak of hope and memory,
 Of pleasures past, of joys to come,
 And all the happiness of home,
 Since first they interchanged the vow
 Beneath the Christmas misletoe !
 God bless you dear mamma, God bless you,
 And may your Florence ne'er distress you.

WINTER.

BY S. J. PARTRIDGE, ESQ., LINCOLN'S INN.

Chill winter has frozen the streams,
 The throstle is mute in the grove,
 The sun hides his radiant beams,
 All nature is adverse to love.

No bank now invites to recline,
 Where the violet was wont to perfume,
 The snow covers over the thyme,
 Mournful Eurus too deepens the gloom.

Oh! where is the sheltered retreat
 Frequented by Cloe the fair,
 When I used to sigh at her feet
 And twine the fresh flow'rs in her hair?

Alas! 'tis a desolate spot,
 The leaves are all fall'n from the trees,
 The birds have forsaken my grot,
 There is nothing my Cloe to please.

Bright Phœbus, return with thy rays,
 Show nature again in her charms,
 And the valleys shall echo thy praise,
 When my Cloe comes back to my arms.

SPRING.

BY THE REV. W. H. TEALE, M.A., LEEDS.

All the earth is gay;
Land and sea,
Give themselves up to jollity :
And with the heart of May,
Doth every beast keep holiday.

WORDSWORTH.

It is the merry spring-time now,
And bright blue skies appear ;
Heather on hill, and leaf on bough,
And sparkling stream,—all seem to know
This birth-time of the year.

Oh ! what a troop of happy things,
Above, around us rise,
The daisy rath in green wood springs ;
Warm zephyrs spread their balmy wings :
The sun illumines the skies ;

The charm of earliest birds is come,
The lark is soaring high ;
Glad children leave their cottage home,
And o'er the vale and mountain roam
Chasing the butterfly.

For cheering is this vernal hour
 Alike to old or young :
 Yea ! all who own calm nature's power
 May drink pure joy from stream and flower,
 And ev'ry wild bird's song.

Here, too, methinks, Hope's thankful glow
 Must soothe the saddest breast,
 And 'neath this sky what sullen brow
 May mock with throb, or wrinkle shew ?
 Who feels himself unblest ?

THE COMPLAINT OF THE SPRING TIME.

BY MARY LOUISA BOYLE.

Do not ask what grief o'erwhelms me
 In the bloom of life and years,
 All is hope and joy and promise
 Now the merry Spring appears.

But the thousand tones that waken
 Nature from her icy sleep,
 Only wake within my bosom
 Recollections dark and deep.*

* The two first stanzas are a translation from the German.

Hope unfurls her verdant banner,
 Hangs it from each budding tree ;
 But the sight and sound of pleasure
 Have, alas ! no charm for me.

Would you chide me thus for passing,
 Trampling flowers beneath my feet ?
 If I pluck'd them, who would wear them ?
 Who would call them fresh and sweet ?

When the Nightingale is singing,
 Raptured by her matchless tone ;
 Would'st thou ask the wailing songstress,
 Why she loves to mourn alone ?

Do not question, do not ask me,
 Silence is my only friend ;
 Well I know the canker's in me,
 Grief, like life, must have an end !

All that droops in autumn weather,
 All that fades in winter tide,
 Blooms in spring and flowers in summer,
 With redoubled strength and pride.

But the chilly blast of sorrow
 On the vital sap will prey ;
 When the heart is sear'd and wither'd,
 Can the wretched trunk look gay ?

Let us dance and sing together,
 Deck with wreaths each youthful brow ;
 Who can tell while I am smiling,
 That my heart is breaking now ?

THOUGHTS AFTER A SHOWER.

BY W. S. WOOD, ESQ.

SCHOLAR OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Parched by the drought of summer,
 The morning landscape lay,
 And the brooding haze gave promise of
 A dull and sultry day.
 No breath upon the mountain,
 No flutter 'mid the trees—
 The delicate stalks of the trembling grass
 Stood moveless by a breeze.

At noon a change around him,
 The gladsome traveller found :
 The clouds had shed their fulness down
 Upon the weary ground.
 The sun looked forth as joyous
 As a maiden in her mirth,
 And he saw the blessed influence shed
 O'er all the wakening earth.

Like pearls amid the forest,
 Glistening the shower-drops lay,
 And the slightest breath of the west wind shook
 Them down in silvery spray.
 The greenness of the meadows
 Wore a tenfold lovelier hue,
 And the far expanse of heaven was clothed
 In rich unclouded blue.

Drooping and faint at morning
 The thirsty flowers had pined,
 But they raised their heads at noon to meet
 The kisses of the wind.
 And everything was lovely
 When the sun went down at even,
 For the blessing of a shower that day
 In mercy had been given.

Not seldom thus the bosom
 Lies bowed beneath its sorrow,
 While fancy seeks from memory's stores
 Redoubled grief to borrow.
 The parching sun lowers on it,
 No life is in his glare,
 And a deep drear stillness broods around—
 The stillness of despair.

But if a dew from heaven
 Pour down its healing balm,
 The deadening anguish of the breast
 Lulls into holy calm.
 Hope lends her aid to waken
 The heart to heavenly things,
 And buoyantly the spirit flies
 Aloft on eagle's wings.

At once, his grief forgotten,
 Man revels in new pleasure,
 He hails the blessings strewed around
 So boundless in their measure :
 And grateful to the Giver
 Of all happiness, he pours
 The lark's glad song, that sweeter sounds
 The nearer heaven he soars.

THE CHERRY TREE.

BY R. H. KENNEDY, M.D.,

SUPERINTENDING SURGEON OF THE SINDE FIELD FORCE,

BOMBAY.

The oak is a lordly tree,
 And the ash has a silver leaf,
 And the sycamore's buds are bright to see,
 Tho' like joy, when 'tis brightest, brief;
 But our praise is the fairy-loved cherry tree,
 The wilding, graceful cherry tree
 With its berries black, and its glossy rind,
 And its pensive boughs in the wooing wind;
 Who loves not the wild wood cherry tree?
 But come by night,
 In the paly light
 Of the full orb'd moon in the merry May,
 And the night's delight shall surpass the day;
 For they say—they say that the gifted see
 Full many a fairy lady bright,
 And many a tiny Elphin Knight,
 Dance round and round the wild cherry tree;
 Round and round in a frantic glee,
 To the chimes of unearthly minstrelsy,
 And nothing on earth resembles the glee
 The gifted see under the cherry tree.

Hast thou sorrowed on earth, and with many a sigh
 Recorded its stings and lashes and crimes,
 Hast thou turned indignantly thence thine eye,
 To another world and the coming times?
 Thy dreams will be of the legends bold,
 Which the bards of forgotten ages told,
 And thy heart will treasure the glowing tale,
 Of the winter's hearth and the grandame old,
 On all that has been o'er hill and vale,
 On the foaming flood or the wintry wold,
 And think not thine age,
 Tho' morose and sage,
 Shall ever become so icy cold,
 As to cease to love the dreams of youth;
 No, no, they shall glow in life and truth,
 And thy darkening eye shall at times be seen,
 With a flashing light, when leaves are green,
 And fancy returns to the cherry tree,
 The fairy dance round the cherry tree;
 Round, round and round in a frantic glee
 To the chimes of unearthly minstrelsy,
 When nothing on earth resembles the glee
 The gifted see under the cherry tree.

TO MAY.

BY J. W. PARTRIDGE, ESQ., HORSFORTH.

How cheerly, how gaily, in mantle of green,
 Young spring trips it lightly o'er valley and hill,
 Sweet handmaid of nature, wheree'er she is seen,
 She spreads the soft verdure around at her will ;

The flow'rets bloom gaily, the merry birds sing,
 The insect tribes peep from their pillows of clay,
 All nature reviving its tribute shall bring,
 To hail the approach of the sprightly young May.

Dear maiden ! for still thou art dear to my heart,
 Tho' frail be thy beauty, and transient thy reign,
 Tho' each flitting evening forewarns we must part,
 I still would embrace thee again and again.

But ever coquetting thou fleest my arms,
 Even now when I think thee securely possesst,
 Transformed to December, thou mockest the charms
 Which I thought but too fondly to clasp to my breast.

But why should I chide thee ? Because thou art frail ?
 That frailty was written as part of man's curse ;
 Oh ! come dearest May then, thy season I'll hail,
 And content me to take thee for better and worse.

“THE HOSPITALLERS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.”

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH IN VERSE.

BY THE REV. JOHN HAIGH, B.A., QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD,

CURATE OF WORTLEY.

A brief summary may suffice to elucidate the design of the following poem. The Hospital, dedicated to St. John the Almoner, was instituted about the year 1048, by some Italian merchants, as an asylum for the Latin pilgrims; some of whom, abandoning the idea of returning to their native country, devoted themselves in this establishment to the service of the destitute and wounded. Towards the close of the eleventh century the Hospital was endowed with some rich demesnes by Godfrey of Bulloign; and other individuals contributed by donations to augment its revenues. These, in process of time, were found to be more than sufficient to carry out the object of the Institution; it was resolved, therefore, that the surplus should be consecrated to the Holy War; and thus the Hospitallers were instituted a military body, and joined the Crusaders. After the loss of the Holy Land they retired to Cyprus; but in the year 1308 they took the Island of Rhodes from the Saracens, and settled there. Amidst many reverses, they bravely retained this Island in their possession 213 years; but in 1522 it was besieged and taken by Solymán II.; and three years afterwards, Charles V. gave them the Island of Malta,

from which they were finally expelled by Buonaparte; and thus, this noble order, which for seven hundred years had been the terror of Infidels and the bulwark of Christendom, fell from its glory, and now lives only in the records of history.

*Ἀνδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος, καὶ οὐ στηλῶν μόνον ἐν τῇ οἰκίᾳ
σημαίνει ἐπιγραφή, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν τῇ μὴ προσηκούσῃ ἄγραφος μνήμη παρ
ἐκάστῳ τῆς γνώμης μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ ἔργου ἐνδαιτύεται.*

THUC. B. II. ch. 43.

It was th' oppressor's hour—the tyrant hand
Sway'd its dread sceptre o'er Arabia's land,
Mohammed's host the banner wide unfurl'd,
And bade defiance to a trembling world :
Onward the torrent roll'd its purple flood ;
Stain'd with a brave and conquer'd nation's blood,
Byzantium sinks ; before the swelling tide
The Roman Eagle bends his tow'ring pride.
Alas ! for Palestine, her brighter day
Lost in surrounding darkness fades away ;
On Sion's Mount the black'ning shades of night
Obscure the dawning of a better light ;
The mossy fountains and the crystal rills
Winding their course amid the vine-clad hills,
In mournful cadence as they murm'ring flow
Responsive echo to the minstrel's woe ;
No more are heard the palmy vales among
The joyous accents of the poet's song.

Not long in widow'd sorrow Zion wept,
While with'ring ruin o'er her beauty swept ;
Not long her children brook'd the tyrant's rod,
Scorning to bow except before their God ;
Ten thousand thousand swords are raised on high,
Ten thousand thousand voices rend the sky ;

Soldiers of God came dauntless from afar,
 Rush'd to the fight, and "wak'd the storm of war" ;
 Ne'er had the Sun from fields of cloudless light *
 Majestic gaz'd on such a glorious sight,
 Nations and tribes their thronging myriads pour,†
 More countless than the sands which stud the shore,
 Or than the shining host of stars which move
 In perfect beauty through the realms above.

My Muse, assume a milder, softer strain,
 Leave the fierce conflict and th' embattled plain,
 Disdain not here to rest thy wing awhile,
 Where heav'n beams brightly with her sweetest smile ;
 Here holy love her constant vigils keeps
 In lonely solitude, while nature sleeps,
 Whisp'ring her comfort to the aching breast,
 And soothing troubled sorrow into rest ;
 Here may the wretched outcast find a home,
 Here may the dying warrior find a tomb.
 House of St. John, within thy quiet door
 Hush'd was the fury of the battle's roar ;
 'Twas thine the mourner's sinking heart to cheer,
 And wipe from sorrow's eye the burning tear,
 Bid sad despair and dark forebodings cease,
 And to the anguish'd spirit whisper peace ;
 Thy pious priests with holy love inspir'd,
 With more than patriot zeal and courage fir'd,
 Bid to their native land a last farewell,
 To scenes where mem'ry fondly lov'd to dwell,
 Fled to the still and solitary shade,
 On wings of mercy to the captive's aid.

* See Fuller, ch 16, p. 24.

† The Princess Anna Comena compares the myriads which pressed forward to the war to the sands of the sea and the stars of heaven.—See Sutherland's History of the Knights of Malta.

Monastic solitude ! th' unsullied spring
 Of purest happiness, so poets sing !*
 Alas ! and does no sorrow intervene
 To break the quiet stillness of the scene ?
 Does pensive woe indeed forget to weep ?
 Do warring passions there for ever sleep ?
 O say, ye pious pilgrims, as ye shed
 A tear of pity o'er the sorrowing head,
 'Mid the deep silence of the gloomy night,
 As sad ye watch'd the dying taper's light,
 Say, did no thoughts arise, no bright regret
 Of by-gone days ye never could forget ?
 Still did not faithful mem'ry oft retrace
 The wonted haunt, the well-remembered face ?
 And as ye listen'd to the mourner's cry,
 Heav'd ye yourselves no deep responsive sigh ?—
 But not for you to seek a living tomb
 'Mid the sad darkness of monastic gloom.
 There was a radiant form which hover'd nigh,
 While fiery flashes lighten'd from her eye,
 She saw where melancholy wept alone,
 'Twas Valour's self—she mark'd you for her own,
 She fir'd your noble bosoms to assume
 The glitt'ring helmet and the nodding plume,
 She bade your high-born spirits scorn to bow
 Beneath the fury of a Moslem's blow,
 Bravely to wrench away the heathen chain,
 And give to Salem liberty again.
 Unhappy Salem ! could the patriot's brand
 Have sav'd thy beauty from the spoiler's hand,

* See Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*—

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot,
 Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd

Could the unconquer'd courage of the brave
 Have snatch'd thee from a dark dishonour'd grave,
 Ne'er hadst thou felt the fierce usurper's pow'r,
 Which rag'd its fearful and predestin'd hour,
 Ne'er midst thy cruel enemies forlorn
 Would'st thou in hopelessness have learn'd to mourn.—

Ye pilgrim knights, in vain ye dauntless stood
 By Acre's walls, and shed your noblest blood,
 No power could stay the dread Impostor's might,
 And valour sunk beneath th' unequal fight.
 The patriot's sword ye rais'd—alas ! in vain,
 Still ruin swept o'er Salem's lonely plain ;
 Mournful ye listen'd to her captive groan,
 And saw a tyrant sitting on her throne,
 Watch'd the last ling'ring of her parting ray,
 Wept for her fate, and sadly turn'd away.—

And who are these whose looks dejected show*
 A mighty spirit bursting with its woe?
 Bar'd are the breasts where many a noble scar
 Tells of the horrors of a bloody war ;
 Landed in Cyprus' isle their weary feet
 Seek there a refuge and a calm retreat.
 Can these be they whose bosoms scorn'd to fear
 The Moslem's terrors and th' oppressor's spear,
 Whose deeds of fame by distant nations known
 Bade the proud tyrant tremble on his throne ?
 The darting fury of that downcast eye
 Proclaims a spirit which can never die.

True courage sheds its clearest, brightest light
 O'er the dark shadows of affliction's night :

* C' étoit un spectacle bien touchant de voir ces braves Chevaliers tout convertis de blessures, sortir de leurs vaisseaux avec une contenance conforme à leur fortune, et pénétrés de douleur d' avoir survécu a la perte entiere de la Terre Sainte.—Vertot. Liv. III.

'Tis not the conqueror with his proud array,
 While vanquish'd nations crouch beneath his sway,
 While banner'd hosts the joyful pæan raise,
 And shout exultingly their hero's praise,—
 'Tis not the world's great master in his pride
 Borne on the swelling waves of fortune's tide,
 Who feels that truest and sublimest glow
 Which suff'ring worth and virtue only know ;
 Oh ! it is felt in fortune's darkest hour,
 When stormy clouds and gath'ring tempests low'r,
 Full many a time its brightest rays illume
 The silent chamber and the dungeon's gloom.

Heroic warriors ! not the threat'ning cloud,
 Which hung around your heads its darken'd shroud,
 Could veil the glorious splendour which arose
 And flash'd its lightnings on your startled foes ;
 'Twas yours to spurn the fetters which would bind
 The eager struggles of the lofty mind ;
 Hope, ever sanguine, smil'd upon the storm,
 While rainbow colours deck'd her seraph form,
 Westward she beam'd her soul-inspiring ray
 On Rhodes' illustrious isle, and led the way,
 Till on its lofty tow'rs victorious wav'd
 The flag which many a tempest's shock had brav'd.

Glory of ancient Greece, thou lovely isle,
 Where all the seasons in their beauty smile,
 Around whose shelving crags and rocky steeps*
 In rich luxuriance the wild-rose creeps,
 Beside whose streams the flow'ring laurels grow,
 And kiss the waters as they gently flow,

* Les roses sauvages y parfument l'air de leurs suaves émanations, des touffes de laurier-rose y bordent les ruisseaux de leurs fleurs éclatantes—
 See Savary's *Letters sur la Grèce*—Lett. 13.

Where beds of fragrant myrrh are seen to bloom,
 And shed around their redolent perfume;
 Well may'st thou smile for what thy sons have done,
 The splendid trophies which their arms have won,
 Last of the Grecian states to sheath the sword,*
 And own allegiance to a Roman Lord;
 More sweetly smile than thou wast wont before,
 See Christian warriors throng thy verdant shore,
 Bright o'er thy native loveliness appears
 The sacred cross, and points to happier years.

Heroic band! and will the tyrant's hate
 Pursue thee still with all the storms of fate,
 Still unrelenting drive thee from thy rest,
 Like the scar'd wild-dove frightened from her nest,
 Like the poor exile wand'ring from his home
 To seek in distant lands an unwept tomb!

For many a rolling year thy fortress rock
 Stood firm, unmov'd amid the battle's shock;
 Long time in vain against its iron side
 The Turkish Sultan pour'd his rushing tide,
 Till, like a giant tott'ring to his fall,†
 Sunk, slowly sunk, each high and tow'ring wall!
 Still as they bent their shatter'd summits low,
 They look'd defiance on th' exulting foe.

'Tis night—the pale moon's silv'ry radiance fall‡
 On yonder lonely isle's deserted walls—

* “When the other Grecian states were brought under the dominion of Rome, the Rhodians alone retained their laws and liberties.”—See Hist. of Greece.

† So shattered were the towers, that Rhodes after the siege was little better than a ruin.

‡ The knights, upon the conquest of Rhodes, departed thence; “the embarkation took place at night; the moans and lamentations of the wanderers resounded throughout the city—even the sternest knights were

Why weeps the warrior ? why that tearful eye ?
 Why heaves his bosom with the bursting sigh ?
 Sadly he gazes on the fading shore,
 His last fond look—that land is seen no more ;
 Dark thoughts arise, and storms of anguish roll
 In wild disorder o'er his tortur'd soul.

Malta, thy barren rock and desert shore,
 Round which the tempest and the rude winds roar,
 Smile not so sweetly o'er their wild domain
 As Rhodes' delicious grove and sunny plain ;
 Nature in thee assumes her awful form,
 Scowls in the tempest, revels in the storm,
 But there, with ever-blooming verdure crown'd,
 She beams her softest brightest smiles around ;
 Yet though thou frown'st so darkly o'er the sea,
 The wretched exiles found a home in thee ;
 Upon thy rocks the sacred banner rose,
 The Christian's hope, the terror of his foes ;
 Undimm'd amid the furious storms of war,
 Long did the Cross beam brightly from afar ;
 Still smil'd defiance at the tyrant's boast,*
 His mighty fleet and Dragut's pirate host.
 Vain futile boast ! the Sultan on his throne
 Deem'd, haughty man ! that he was God alone,
 Gaz'd on his armament in all its pride
 Riding majestic on the ocean's tide,
 And vow'd from Malta's island rock to tear
 The sacred Cross which long had triumph'd there.

There is an arm, proud tyrant, that can stay
 Thy daring hand and break thy ruthless sway.

overwhelmed with grief at bidding an eternal farewell to the sacred walls which, for upwards of 200 years, had presented an impregnable barrier to the Ottoman arms."—See Hist. of Knights of Malta.

* Solyman swore by his beard to extirpate the order.

Turn pale, and tremble at th' avenging rod,
 See Christian warriors kneel before their God ;
 Before the holy altar bending low,
 They kiss the Cross and swear the solemn vow,
 In one acclaim their voices rend the sky,
 Nobly resolv'd to conquer or to die.
 That pray'r is heard—the glorious work is done—
 The battle's fought—the victory is won ;
 Th' avenging angel rode upon the blast,
 Spreading destruction as he onward pass'd,
 Tracking his course with wings of flaming light*
 Athwart the gloomy darkness of the night ;
 Before the battle's tide were swept away
 That gorgeous armament and proud array.

Brave and intrepid band ! above thy head
 Benignant heav'n its covert banner spread ;
 Thy holy shrines and altars, bath'd in blood,
 The glorious monuments of valour stood.

Alas ! that e'er thy virtue should decay,
 That worth and excellence should pass away !
 Fain would my muse still trace thy bright career
 Through fields of light unsullied by a tear ;
 Fain would she leave the deep and darkling gloom
 That broods in mournful sadness o'er thy tomb ;
 Pensive she hangs her lyre on sorrow's urn,
 And sighs for days which never can return.

Shades of those warriors whose immortal fame
 Sheds a bright halo round the Christian name,
 Who spurn'd from freedom's neck the slavish yoke,
 And the dread fetters of th' oppressor broke,

* The Knights used large hoops made of light wood soaked in a combustible preparation, which they set on fire, and threw into the midst of the enemy, and thereby caused great slaughter.

Weep for your children, o'er the mournful bier
 Of foul dishonour shed a pitying tear ;
 See them, alas! of all their glory reft,
 No vestige of their former splendour left,
 Bending the knee in suppliant homage low*
 To Europe's tyrant, Europe's deadliest foe ;
 See o'er your graves the haughty Frenchmen tread,
 Where sleep the ashes of the mighty dead ;
 Behold your offspring, like a shrunken oak
 Blasted and wither'd by the thunder-stroke,
 A wretched spectre of the past, forlorn
 In desolation, and the mark of scorn,
 Dispers'd, unknown, and wand'ring through the earth,
 The sad dim relics of departed worth !

Still would we gaze upon a brighter ray
 Which tells the splendour of their former day ;
 Still would we fondly linger for awhile
 Amid the glories of the Grecian isle ;
 Still stand on Malta's rock, and watch afar
 The beaming radiance of the hero's star ;
 Still trace it in its flight, and see it fling
 A glitt'ring lustre from its parting wing.

Thus have I watch'd in evening's tranquil hour,
 Ere yet the gloom of night begins to low'r,
 The sun fast hast'ning in his westward flight,
 Flinging o'er ocean's wave his setting light.
 How fair the scene, the waters as they flow
 Now sparkle bright, and now more dimly glow,
 Rippling in faintest murmurs as they pour
 A flood of liquid lustre to the shore ;

* So much, in later times, did the Knights of Malta degenerate, that Buonaparte declared that he could never have taken Malta, unless the craven Knights had opened the gate for him.

The sun has set,—but still a trembling beam
 In softest shadows lingers on the stream,
 Smiling its last upon the lovely scene
 To tell how glorious that Sun has been.

THE WILD ROSE AND THE THISTLE.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

BY MRS. CURTIES, READING.

An Eglantine, by nature vain,
 Flaunted her flow'rets to the gale,
 While a plain Thistle, growing near,
 Sheltered a lily of the vale.

Dear Zephyr, said the haughty flower,
 Blow hard against that Thistle's shoot,
 Blow hard, and tear it up, that dares
 Cumber the ground so near my root !

Does it forget that I am sprung
 From Icosandria's noble race,
 And am allied to flowers and fruits
 That erst in Paradise had place ?

The Thistle modestly replied,
 Little have I to boast, 'tis true,
 My race less ancient too, I own,
 For Thistles ne'er in Eden grew ;

Your fragrant breath's the gift of heaven,
 But the same voice that bade you bloom,
 Commissioned me to work his will
 When he pronounced fall'n Adam's doom.

The wanton flow'ret tossed its head,
 And caught a little urchin's eye,
 Who, full of life and loving flowers,
 Was at that moment passing by.

He seized, he broke the tender shrub,
 And well nigh tore it from the ground ;
 Fainting and sad, it humbled saw
 Its blushing honors strewed around,

While in content the Thistle stood,
 Unheeded, and devoid of pride,
 Protectress still of the meek flower,
 That sought a shelter by its side.

ODE TO CHARITY.

BY J. W. PARTRIDGE, ESQ., HORSFORTH.

Hail Charity, thou loveliest form of good,
 Thy cheering beams our clay-cold hearts dilate,
 Sweetly dispel the gloom of earth's dire curse,
 Restore the peace of man's primeval state ;
 Earth without thee is a wild wilderness
 And man a wretch no pencil ean portray :
 Fierce passion drives his weather-beaten bark
 Through the rough waves of life's tempestuous sea ;
 But thou canst calm e'en passion's boisterous wave,
 Canst bid that troubled ocean be at rest ;
 Oh ! come, celestial maiden, now descend
 And sweetly shed thine influence o'er my breast.

PITY.

BY JOHN CAWOOD, ESQ., LEEDS.

When sickness pale, or frenzied notions,
 With dread o'erwhelm the human soul,
 Sweet pity, then thy soft emotions
 Can pain assuage or fear control.

I saw the cheek with hectic flushing,
 I saw the sunken eye of care,
 I saw from hope the last streams gushing
 To feed the gnawworm of despair.

But then I saw a lovely creature,
 With pity beaming in her eye,
 Assiduous soothe these pangs of nature,
 And plant a smile when heaved a sigh.

LIFE.

BY EDWARD MOXON.

Ah me! this little life will soon run out ;
 Methinks I feel myself already old,
 Eyes dim, limbs stiff, step feeble, and blood cold,
 With youth no longer flushed or vigour stout.
 Thus is it with us all ; we start at first
 Eager as panting steeds the race to run ;
 Age comes ere half the hopes we fondly nursed
 Have scarcely yet to blossom e'en begun.
 Thus is it with us all : time's calm fore-warning
 We heed not till the noon of life is past.
 Swift are the wings of youth ; the brightest morning
 Fadeth the soonest ; thus we hasten fast
 Whether in joy or grief, an endless river
 Entering that sea whose tide returneth never.

THE EYE.

BY T. SWALE, ESQ.

What is the little lurking spell
 That hovers round the eye,
 Without a voice, a word can tell
 The feelings as they fly.

When tearless, it can speak of woe,
 When weeping, still the same,
 Or in a moment catch the glow
 Of thoughts without a name :

Can beam with pity on the poor,
 With anger on the proud ;
 Can tell that it will much endure,
 Or flash upon the crowd.

Now brightly raised, or now depressed,
 With every shade of feeling,
 It is the mirror of the breast,
 The thought, the soul revealing.

Oh ! tones are false, and words are weak,
 The tutored slaves at call ;
 The eye, the eye alone can speak,
 Unfettered, tell us all !

AN EXTRACT

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A BRITISH OFFICER WHO SERVED
IN THE BURMESE WAR IN
1824.

On the 6th of August a few Burmans arrived at Rangoon in two canoes, who stated that they had escaped from a village on the Dalla side of the river. On being examined they made the following statement. "From an ordinance having been issued for a general levy of men in the Dalla district the whole country is in disorder. The inhabitants have refused to comply with it, and a chief of high rank has been sent down to enforce obedience. During the disturbances which consequently took place, we found means to escape, and have come hither for protection." Permission to remain was granted to them; and the information which they had communicated being in some measure corroborated by others, Sir Archibald Campbell was induced to send, on Sunday the 8th, a detachment of four hundred men, consisting of Madras Europeans, Native Infantry, some artillery and sailors, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, to attack any part of the enemy's line that he might fall in with, and to act otherwise as from circumstances he might judge requisite. We had not proceeded far up the Dalla creek, before several of the enemy were observed escaping in canoes from some chokeys on the banks. The General's boat being well managed and unencumbered with troops gave way in chase, when, on opening a point, two stockades were seen on the opposite side of the creek. Fortunately she had got sufficiently a-head to return and give notice, before the rest of the

boats, which were advancing with a strong flood tide, became exposed, and the whole were brought under cover of a bank until arrangements for proceeding farther were made. The advance then sounded. Badly as the Bengalees in the row-boats had often behaved, they were now worse than ever; getting their boats foul without pulling, and then leaving the troops exposed to the enemy's fire, while they drifted nearly under the stockade. After endeavouring in vain to get the row-boats on, the General's boat, in which Col. Kelly then was, cheered and pulled past to support Lieut. Frazer, who was advancing; but, from the difficulty of getting up to the Stockade when landed, on account of mud, together with the bad conduct of the rowers, much damage was done, and it required the best exertions of the soldiers and seamen to end the business successfully. The Stockades were at length carried by assault, the enemy running out as our troops entered, leaving only two or three dead behind them. Our loss consisted of six killed and thirty-nine wounded. Among the latter were three officers. I received a ball in the head.

It was generally supposed that the people who came in on the 6th had been sent by the Burmese for the purpose of decoying us into a serape. Had not the Stockades been seen before the whole detachment became exposed, our loss would probably have been much greater. Arrangements could not then have been made, and the boats might have drifted to a part of the bank where we could not have landed.

The same day another detachment was sent to Siriam, but returned the following evening without having seen the enemy. Being for some time after confined to bed, and unable to speak, I was in a great measure ignorant of what was going on; from what I heard, however, it appeared that the Governor of Siriam had been sent for in chains by the Prince of Sarawaddy, for allowing that place to be taken: that, after having had his head kept three days on a block for the purpose of being taken off, he was allowed to return to his government on promising to become more zealous in future. This led him to keep parties on the look-out, who, unfortu-

nately were too successful. A boat belonging to the General Wood transport was shortly afterwards captured, and some Lascars, who were fishing, taken prisoners. Sentries were often seen sitting like monkeys on the highest trees of the neighbouring jungles; they communicated with parties on the look-out, and if an unfortunate straggler was discovered, he was in all probability taken prisoner, and then tortured to death. From the body of one of that boat's crew, which was afterwards found, it appeared that pieces of flesh had been torn off with an instrument, and that the sufferer had then been speared till death terminated his sufferings. When I received my wound I was looking towards one of the angles of the Stockade, where, as it appeared to be in an unfinished state, I thought we might enter. My attention had been so completely occupied that I was somewhat surprised when I was knocked down. I soon, however, found out that I had received a shot; my nerves were immediately affected, and I can scarcely describe the sensation which I experienced; but if the ball of the right thumb be struck into the palm of the left hand, a sensation will be created which in some respects resembles what I felt throughout my body. My head and legs were both drawn upwards, and I imagined I was killed. My heart was singularly affected, but not altogether unpleasantly, and it has often surprised me that I felt no regret at the idea of dying, but only wished the last struggle at an end. My senses were quite perfect, though I could not move; yet every thing passed through my mind with amazing rapidity. Whilst lying in this state quite reconciled to the idea of dying, something, which I took to be the ball, came from my throat with a rush of blood, and passed through my mouth. I suddenly felt confident that the wound was not mortal; but the teeth, jaw, and part of the tongue, which had been cut, getting into the throat, I began to think I should be suffocated: much blood also issued from the wound. Some of the men who had seen me fall now came to my assistance. I was able to tell them to keep up my head and reach my sword which had slipped from my hand. I was then put into a row-boat, and after

the Stockades were taken, sent with two other wounded officers to Rangoon. At the moment the ball struck me, I was standing near the top of a slope, down which I fell, pitching on my right shoulder. The first inquiry the surgeons made was for the ball. I wrote, as well as I was able, that it had come from my mouth. This they did not seem to credit, but I felt confident that I was not mistaken. The first evening, fever coming on, I was put into a warm bath, and bled from the arm, although I had lost a considerable quantity of blood from the wound. The second night I was worse, and opium was given to me. I awoke twice, and was able to ask the men who were watching over me what was the hour. I felt sick, and on both occasions the lamp that was burning appeared as if it was going out. In the morning, however, I was better, and I believe that I afterwards gradually improved, although the pain was not so violent on the first day, as it was on the two days subsequent to receiving my wound. It entirely prevented me from sleeping for near a fortnight, except twice, when opium was given to me. At the end of that time I became easier, but was unable to sleep more than half an hour at once for the space of two months. I lost the sense of touching: my fingers and toes and joints were affected, and I could not raise my head without assistance. The head was terribly shaken.

On the 26th of August, the surgeons being of opinion that I should not, for some time, be fit for duty, and that I ought to return to England, I was sent on board the Roberts transport to Calcutta. On the passage, finding the tongue had adhered to the jaw in healing, and, there being no surgeon on board, I cut it away with my penknife.

On the 28th of October I again embarked on board a free-trader for England.

LINES

WRITTEN ON READING THE PRECEDING NARRATIVE, BY A MEMBER OF THE
TEMPLE AND A MEDALIST OF CAMBRIDGE.

'Twas noon, and silence o'er the sultry plain
Held universal rule, save when the roar
Of frightened buffalo proclaim'd aloud
The Chitar's neighbourhood : nor does the thrush
Or nightingale of Europe hush to sleep
The wearied husbandman ; for, not to thee
Is given, O India, to beguile thy pain
With these celestial songsters' melody.
I stood alone and watched where waved in air
The glitt'ring standard of the savage host,
Its ample bosom open'd to the gate.
There was an anxious panting in my heart,
A ceaseless tremor in my eager nerves,
Such as is felt by warriors before
The roar of battle, when the silent plains
Form a sad contrast to the din of arms.
Sudden that beating ceases : ev'ry nerve
By a strong spasm contracted and benumbed
Forgets its proper functions ! Am I dead
Or living ? Are these twinkling stars, which rise
Continuous, and fall when scarcely seen,
Delusive phantoms of my wand'ring thoughts ?
Or far supernal worlds to earth unknown ?
The phantoms vanish, and within my heart
The quick vibration of my shatter'd pulse
Causes a pleasing anguish, and the power,
Which at a distance viewed, curdles the blood.

The boldest breast unnerving horrid death,
 Now grown familiar, causes little fear,
 And loses all the terrors of his form.
 So when the youthful courser tries his speed
 Amid the throng of crowds, each rock, each stone
 Causes new terrors, and in all he sees
 Such horrid phantoms, as the sicken'd brain
 Creates in visions ; but when nearer view'd
 He sees unmov'd the unoffending mass,
 And its fantastic horrors disappear.
 In that dread moment when I fell to earth,
 And each corporeal faculty was still,
 My mind remain'd uninjur'd, and I thought
 Of life and death, and of eternity,
 As calmly and as unappal'd, as erst
 When far from danger in my native land
 I thought of battles and the pomp of war,
 As of a splendid vision. Ah! what hope!
 Rapid as light'ning passes thro' my breast,
 Life may be sav'd unless too long delay'd,
 Help comes in vain to stay my fleeting breath!
 Vain are my groans if I assay to speak!
 The thick gore suffocates the lab'ring words,
 Pours from the wound and curdles in my throat.
 There is a morning to the darkest night,
 And from my tortur'd bosom, when each hope
 Seems fled for ever, unexpected joy.
 Assistance comes, surrounding friends proclaim
 The wound not mortal, and again I live.

LINES

WRITTEN BY ONE WHO, AS CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES, HAS OFTEN PERFORMED
OVER THE REMAINS OF THE DECEASED SOLDIER
THE LAST RITES OF RELIGION.

"Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares ; sed omnes
omnium caritates patria una complexa est ; pro quâ quis bonus dubitet
mortem oppetere, si ei sit profuturus ?"—CICERO.

The soldier's grave ! how small the place,
How narrow that lone bed,
Which now contains whate'er could grace
A valiant hero's head.

Undaunted courage, noble pride,
High honour bravely won,
A generous soul were all allied
In Albion's manly son.

On distant shores, in tented field,
In fort or sacred ground,
The warrior lies who ne'er could yield,
Unless with victory crowned !

Remember then the soldier's grave,
'Tis gratitude's demand :
Firm on the heart he died to save,
A tablet there should stand.

FORGET ME NOT.

BY C. H. M.

Forget me not, tho' seas may flow
 Between us ; midst Siberia's snow
 My foot may traverse deserts fell,
 Or burning suns of southern shore
 Their fierce beams on my head may pour,
 Thou in my memory still shalt dwell.

The joys that other scenes impart
 From off the tablet of my heart
 Shall ne'er erase, nor wear away
 The form of beauty graven there ;
 Too deep the lines and far too fair—
 Too bright the image to decay.

Forget me not—No, tho' delight
 Shall woo me in the halls of light
 Where noble dames and damsels move ;
 No, though a host of friends shall bless
 My future, and around shall press
 Their love's sincerity to prove.

I'll not forget thee, tho' the eye
 That softly beams in apathy
 When I approach shall turn away ;
 Nor though the sunlight of thy smile,
 Which erst could all my cares beguile,
 Should cease upon thy lip to play.

Forget me not—forget thee ! no !
 The tide of life may fail to flow,
 Yet surely in my strength's decline
 Memory will closer cling to me ;
 As ivy boughs on aged tree
 In its decay more firmly twine.

And when my pulse shall cease to beat,
 My spirit from its earthly seat
 Wing its way heavenward blithe and free,
 When death the golden bowl shall shiver,
 The silver cord be loosed for ever,
 My last prayer shall ascend for thee.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND

ON HER EXPRESSING AMAZEMENT THAT THE AUTHOR HAD NO WISH EVER TO
 BE A GREATER PERSONAGE THAN SHE WAS AT THAT TIME.

BY MRS. PERRING, LEEDS.

Oh, look not thus amazed, fair lady,
 Nor wonder when I tell
 That I have no ambition
 In a higher sphere to dwell ;
 That wealth and power no charms possess,
 That tempt my heart to roam,
 But all my hopes and happiness
 Are center'd in *my home*.

Who would not be content, fair lady,
 With such a lot as mine ?
 Why should I wish a coronet
 Upon my brow to shine,
 When brightly sparkle at my board
 So many *youthful eyes*?
These, lady, are my treasur'd hoard,
 The jewels that *I* prize.

'Tis sweet to kiss the cherub lip
 Of smiling infancy,
 Or listen to the prattling babe
 That fondly clasps my knee ;
 Or on the young inquiring mind
 The seeds of knowledge sow,
 And watch the opening bud to find
 When summer suns shall glow.

Oh, blame me not, nor say my joys
 Are mean and worthless things,
 I would not change them for the toys
 That glitt'ring fashion brings ;
 Yet think not my desires are dull,
 My spirit poor or tame ;
 I love the *bright*, the *beautiful*,
 In Nature's wide domain.

I love the glories of the morn,
 When in the purple east
 The rising sun the clouds adorn
 A many-colour'd vest ;
 I love the gentle twilight hour
 Ere yet the dews have shed
 Their pearly drops on leaf and flow'r,
 Day's lingering tints have fled.

I love to watch the rising moon
 Ascend the azure sky,
 To see the gems of night array'd
 In all their majesty ;
 To feel the deep enchanting thrill,
 The exquisite delight,
 To wonder, worship, and be still,
 Rapt in those scenes of light.

I love the harmony of thought
 That kindred spirits know ;
 The joy that springs from converse sweet,
 The pleasure books bestow ;
 The winter-evening's cheerful scene,
 When friends around are met,
 And wisdom shines with wit between,
 A pearl in diamonds set.

Oh, marvel not, fair lady,
 When I say I am *content* ;
 Shall bliss like mine be lightly prized ?
 Just Heaven the thought prevent !
 Love, children, home, deep feelings, all
 Their heartfelt int'rest join ;
Thou may'st for richer prospects call,
 But leave, oh ! leave *me* mine !

ENDYMION AND PONTO.

AN ACADEMIC TALE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE AYLIFFE POOLE, M.A.

ΜΥΘΟΣ εἰσενήγεται νέος

EURIP. ION. 1339.

Perhaps it is scarce desirable to give the interest of historic narrative to a *jeu d'esprit*, whose province is rather to amuse than to move or to instruct. Yet it can do no harm to say, that the following Legend of a highly gifted individual, of a highly endowed race, is to this day reported and believed at Cambridge,

“Where yet they tell his tricks for truth.”*

In proportion, however, as his mind and his habits of thought are of a high order, the reader will be indifferent to the truth of the story: or perhaps he may even delight in it the rather if he take it for a work of pure fiction; remembering the profound dictum of the prince of critics and philosophers, φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον ποίησις ἱστορίας ἐστίν· ἢ μὲν γὰρ ποίησις μᾶλλον ΤΑ ΚΑΘΟΛΟΥ, ἢ δ' ἱστορία ΤΑ ΚΑΘ' ΕΚΑΣΤΟΝ λέγει.† Considered, then, as a splendid myth, the story here given will not be without the praise of the discerning and intellectual reader; who will find in it, if I mistake not, no very dubious or distant relation to that

* Jack the Giant Killer. Fytte, i.

† Aristotelis, de arte poet.

with which Homer opens the *Iliad* ; where, doubtless for a deeper reason than appears, he makes the excited rage of Apollo vent itself in the first instance on dogs and asses (or mules,) *Οὐρῆας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπ' ὄχετο, καὶ κύνας ἀργόους.**

Still, however, for my own part, I cannot but repose on the thought, that the legend is not only instinct with important meaning, but is in fact true: for even that most gorgeous of all traditionary tales, *TOM THUMB*, has ever seemed to me to owe at least as much to the evidence which is afforded of its truth by its general reception among all civilised nations, as to its literary merit, its deep moral, or any other circumstance whatever.

Finally, there is a grave warning very necessary for all who would definitively pronounce upon the truth or falsehood of this and of every such like narration. Let them not judge hastily, nor without much thought, and great exertion of such intellect as they may haply possess ;

For till they're understood, all tales
(Like nonsense) are not true nor false.†

Coldly regardless of the pain
When friendship's links are broken ;
And cords that ne'er unite again,
By some rude hands are snapt in twain,
A Tutor thus had spoken :—

“ No more an undergraduate
“ To keep within the college gate
“ A dog will I permit :
“ Each cur that longer stays too late
“ Shall rue the inexorable fate
“ Of poison, cord, or pit.”

* *Homeri Ilias*, A. 50.

† *Hudibras*, iii. 1.

'Twas said : all heard the dread behest,
 And anguish filled each faithful breast.
 Oh ! nought avails the sleekest fur,
 Nought the beseeching sigh :
 And while each gownsman with a moan
 Rears o'er his dog the funeral stone,
 Or leaves him friendless and alone,
 To sicken, pine, and die :
 He oft laments, "*Alas my cur !*"
 And echo, quite a classic grown
 With constant sight of cap and gown,
 As often answers "*Why ?*" *

Nor yet less forcibly appeal,
 To eye, to ear, to heart, to heel,
 The race quadrupedal.
 By Ostracism barbarous,
 Expatriate, from house to house
 Their masters and their dinners seek,
 With bark, and look, and whine,
 (Alas ! how useless all !)
 Erewhile the happy plump and sleek,
 The ragged now and thin.

Cam heard of men the general groan,
 Of dogs the general yell,
 Thro' all her banks : nor *heard* alone,
 Dogs dead and living frequent thrown,
 With or without the appendant stone,
 Upon her waters fell,

* " In the bogs of old Paddy-land too,
 Certain talented echoes thero dwell,
 Who, on being asked " How do you do " ?
 Politely reply, " Pretty well. " "

MOORE.

Which sadly bear the corpses down
Of dogs that die, and dogs that drown.

One matchless couple, dog and master,
Escape the general disaster :
An amiable youth, Endymion,
(Few were worse read in the *belles lettres*,
And in the "*Sporting Mag.*" few better)
Ponto, in every one's opinion,
A most incomparable setter,
Endymion's greatest pride and joy,
And ever ready to employ
His skill vehicular to do
Whate'er his master told him to.

With academic dress and mien
(Not with a hat like any fellow,
But both in trencher and prunello,)
One morn across the college green
The Tutor passed : the tyrant he
Who'd just promulged the stern decree,
For every dog's expatriation,
Or death within his domination.

Endymion saw, and seeing caught
The nice occasion quick as thought.
Whistling his dog with careless air,
As if unconscious who was there,
"Ponto" said he :—(and Ponto came
Briskly responsive to his name):—
"Ponto, old boy !" with upturned phiz
Looking enquiringly at his,
And gently oscillating tail—
"What would you have, Sir ?" Ponto said,
As dogs, if elegantly bred,
Know how to say full well.

“ Go Ponto, fetch me :—let me see ;—
 “ ERNESTI’S CICERO, VOL. III.
 “ You’ll find it—but you can’t mistake,
 “ The book is lettered at the back.”

Off Ponto ran, meanwhile the Tutor,
 Shocked at the Babylonish sound
 Of dog-call in his college ground,
 From one in pupillary state,
 A speech severe ’gan meditate,
 But when he caught with ears arrect,
 The strange command, he thought, “ *Ne sutor*
 Ultra crepidam,” nor guessed
 What wonders next he might expect,
 Since one who scarcely seemed to know
 His Euclid from his Cicero,
 At least implicitly professed he,
 Kept dogs acquainted with Ernesti.
 Thus musing the grave Don addressed,
 The lord of the sagacious beast :

“ Your dog, Sir, scampers on his message,
 Disturbed by no unlucky presage :
 But you are certainly aware
 Of my most strict determination,
 Duly made known by proclamation :
 And that there’s no exception there,
 In favour of such dogs as share
 An academic education,
 As well as academic air.
 Yet since ’tis readily confessed,
 That learned dogs are not *expressed*
 If Ponto really bring to me
 ERNESTI’S CICERO, VOL. III.
 In admiration of a knowledge
 That casts such lustre on our college

I grant him (what the learned call
 "Fire and water"); that is, all
 Freedom and life within the wall,
 And right of Commons and of Hall.

Soon to receive not empty praise,
 But liberty and life beside,
 (More worth to him than wreath of bays,
 Or bard's commendatory lays,
 Or e'en a Laureate's Butt of Sack,
 Or any other food for pride
 Or stimulant of vanity,)
 Ponto in haste comes running back,
 And at Endymion's feet he lays—
 ERNESTI'S CICERO, VOL. III.

FAREWELL TO CAMBRIDGE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT RIDSDALE, M.A.

LATE FELLOW OF CLARE HALL, AND RECTOR OF TILLINGTON, NEAR PETWORTH,
 SUSSEX.

Granta, farewell! the busy dreams are fled
 Thou once did'st foster; and farewell thy meads
 Where Cam its course in fond meander leads,
 Silent and easy as the life I led.
 For oft on me the summer's morning smil'd,
 Breathing its incense thro' the live-long day,
 And evening, too, would spread her purple ray,

And hope, by fancy fed, my hours beguil'd.
 And if a passing care this breast forlorn
 At time should harbour, 'twas a pleasing pain,
 Springing from thoughts of her in memory's train,
 Whose smile was dearer than the blush of morn.
 For her I gladly bid thy scenes farewell,
 In hope of future blessedness to dwell.

RETURN TO OXFORD.

BY AN OLD FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR OF THE PRECEDING
 SONNET.

Shall I again return to lead a college life,
 In cloistered walls and sacred bow'rs, free from the din of strife ?
 No ! Let me stay in this sweet vale,
 On Isis' streams no more to sail,
 But lead a rural life :
 In some neat cot I fain would dwell—
 I'd pass my time in living well—
 Bless'd by a loving wife.

It can't be so : alas ! it can't, for we must soon—soon part,
 Yet, in this still secluded vale, I leave a ling'ring heart.
 “ Old Father Thames ” I soon must see,
 Tho' Irwell's streams have charms for me—
 Charms of another kind :
 O yes ! soon cap and gown I'll leave—
 Unwed from them, I shall not grieve,
 And then, I'll Laura find.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE EXCURSION."

BY W. A. JACKSON, HEADINGLEY.

Wordsworth! divinest name that poesy
 In her long roll hath given unto men;
 Who, in an age and land unworthy thee,
 Hast strung the everlasting harp again
 Of Him who sung of Holiness and Truth—
 His song as sweet and heavenly as his theme—
 And Him, still greater, on whose soul did beam
 The light of Paradise and primal youth.
 O long as nature, thy great tutor, reigns,
 While rocks, and woods, and streams salute the sky,
 Shall live thy pure and soul ennobling strains,
 Embalm'd in fresh and fragrant memory!
 In future times revered, tho' now forgot,
 And then a prophet, though we know thee not.

ENIGMA

1.

BY THE LATE M. T. SADLER, ESQ. F.R.S.

Sometimes thro' two broad eyes I stare,
 Sometimes I see with one,
 But when my face is smooth and fair,
 I oftener do with none ;
 Sometimes I measure six feet tall,
 And have in battles been,
 Sometimes I am so very small,
 I, through a glass, am seen :
 I've always hands—not always toes,
 And then I have no nails ;
 Sometimes no mouth—but teeth, in rows,
 Scarcely one of which e'er fails.
 When coarse attire my limbs enfold,
 My voice is loud and strong—
 But when adorn'd in silk or gold,
 I'm silent all day long.
 When I'm thus fine, my ease is hard,
 Tho' still I hold my tongue,
 Sometimes confin'd—of light debarr'd—
 And sometimes I am hung.
 I'm oftener set—but never grow,
 And still I keep close by ;
 Tho' when you lie I always go,
 And when you stand I lie.

Solution—A WATCH.

ENIGMA

2.

BY THE LATE M. T. SADLER, ESQ. F.R.S.

When I am heard I'm never seen,
 When seen I'm never heard—
 Sometimes a substance I have been,
 And sometimes but a word ;
 A senseless sound—I oft express
 More than the tongue dare tell :
 I ope the eloquent address,
 And aid the stammerer well.
 Two eyes to make me I demand,
 More oft are three combin'd,
 All in the head—one in the hand—
 One needing sight, but blind.
 The little maidens, many a time,
 Transpierce me, as they list,
 And only in the Eastern clime,
 I'm taken up and kissed.
 Had man retain'd his innocence,
 I never had been known,
 Tho' void myself of all offence,
 A thousand faults I own.
 Oft do I humbly sweep the ground,
 Oft wipe the loveliest face,
 And day and night I circle round,
 The fair in my embrace.

Solution. "HEM."

ENIGMA.

BY GEORGE MICKLETHWAIT STANSFELD, ESQ. LEEDS.

My first tho' strange is last of all,
Which all must e'en possess,
You'll find me both in large and small,
If not both would be less.
I'm seen in vallies, dales, and hills,
Love cannot do without me,
And yet 'tis strange in all the ills
Of life you're sure to find me.
I live in all, e'en life must fade,
Unless its chiefest stay I made.

In every zone my second's found,
Both moderate, hot and cold ;
I live in noise, exist in sound,
Am found in young and old ;
Hope would without me be but small,
And joy would joyless be,
Of pain severe I tell a tale,
Yet oft am named in glee.
I am not straight, nor do I bend,
But like old time I have no end.

Vain is the word by which you'd know
Whate'er my third can be,
You sometimes see me here below,
But Heaven containeth me.
I form a part in every vow,
However insincere.

I'm great in vengeance, but I know
 I cannot make you fear.
 Virtue and vice tho' strange to say,
 Without me could not last a day.

Earth, ocean, and the firmament,
 The viewless end of space,
 Fire, water, every element,
 Of me possess a trace.
 Beginning of eternity,
 Yet still the last of time,
 I dwell in peace, serenity,
 Fear, anger, and all crime.
 My whole I've told thee, now adieu,
 My whole I give thee firm and true.

Solution. · LOVE.

ENIGMA.

BY GRIFFITH WRIGHT, ESQ.

I am a graceful useful thing,
 And serve the Peasant, Peer, and King,
 Sometimes *with* head and tail I'm seen—
 Yet, *without both* I oft have been.
 Altho' I've neither ears nor eyes,
 I'm various colours, shapes and size.
 I'm sometimes rough and sometimes smooth,
 I'm seen in Theatre, Church, and Booth,
 But yet, so various in my dress,
 You'll find my name, perhaps, hard to guess.

SOLUTION.

This thing, that is useful to small and to big,
 I should guess very likely to be, what? A WIG.

ENIGMA.

BY W. H. B. STOCKER, B. A.,

INCUMBENT OF HORSFORTH.

What brightly beams in heaven above,
 The attribute of faithful love,
 The weary traveller's greatest joy,
 A bird instructed to decoy,
 The vessel's hope on stormy shore,
 A tenant of the woods of yore,
 An insect for its labor known,
 A gay attendant on a throne,
 The sacred spot where love is blest,
 That whose sweet strings can lull to rest,
 Places for learning far renowned,
 A sign of sway where Kings are crowned.

Arrange the initials of the thing
 Each line may to your memory bring ;
 And a voluptuous monarch's there,
 Who rose in fire from earth to air.

FIRST SOLUTION.

BY ISABELLA AVARILLA STOCKER.

What orb in the heavens shines so bright as the sun ?
 What so sure as affection twines two hearts in one ?
 What so dear to the traveller when wearied as rest ?
 What bird but the duck can decoy from the nest ?
 What such hope as the anchor to vessels can give ?
 Who but Naiads in forests delighted to live ?
 What labors so great as the ant's can be shown ?
 Who so gay as the Princes surrounding the throne ?
 What charms like the harbour's, when love we disclose ?
 What string like the lute's can invite to repose ?
 What places for learning so justly are famed
 As those in our land Universities named ?
 What rod, like the sceptre of Sovereigns royal,
 Can awe the rebellious, encourage the loyal ?

I have done as you bade me (with ideas half-frozen),
 And, placing in order th' initials I've chosen,
 Great Sardanapalus I surely descry,
 Who in volumes of smoke rose from earth to the sky.

SECOND SOLUTION.

BY MARTHA ANN STOCKER.

The sun beams brightly in the heavens above,
 Affection's but another name for love,
 Rest is the weary traveller's greatest joy,
 Ducks are by man instructed to decoy :
 An anchor is the vessel's hope, I ween,
 Naiads danced lightly on the forest green,
 Wisdom should man from nature's book discern,
 And of th' industrious ant a lesson learn :
 But should you to the courts of Kings repair,
 You'll find that Pomp's a gay attendant there,
 The holy altar sanctions virtuous love,
 And brings down blessings from the throne above,
 The Lyre's sweet strings may soothe a troubled breast,
 And lull the weary aching heart to rest ;
 What places are for learning more renowned
 Than Universities on English ground ?
 Or, as the sceptre, what so well convey,
 When Kings are crowned, the sign of sovereign sway ?

TO ISABEL.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE GUTSSUEBA RIVER.

BY R. H. KENNEDY, M. D., BOMBAY.

My Isabel, my loved, my own !
 How many a dreary day hath flown,
 How many a solitary night
 Hath past with unregretted flight,
 Since heart-ache, anguish, and farewell
 Dimmed thy bright eyes, my Isabel !

When from thee, sweet ! my course I sped,
 No pleasant thoughts were cherished,
 Leagues to long leagues were adding ever,
 And the poor heart was resting never ;
 When will this end ? it moaned ; and seeking
 Some shadowy hope, seemed almost breaking :
 But now the lessened distance blesses
 With home's delicious promises,
 And each bewildered thought unravels
 Some trait of thee to whom it travels,
 Proving how sweetly thy controul
 Directs and animates my soul.

I love thee, dearest Isabel,
 Beyond earth's selfishness ;—a spell
 Is in thy very name to wean
 My soul from aught save thee, and glean

The harvest of my thoughts. I've felt
 Thee mine, and that thy young heart dwelt
 On me ; and I would dream of thee,
 As tho' some magic sympathy
 Linked us together, and for ever
 Forbad our kindred souls to sever.

The weary way hath had its end,
 And lo ! my homeward course I bend :
 The northern stars no more preside,
 As ministering lights my path to guide,
 And now ere dawn of morn, I mark
 The southern signs ;—the sacred ark
 Said to have borne the Argonaut,
 And from the realms of Colchis brought
 The golden fleece ;—and that bright gem
 Canopus deemed the diadem
 Of great Osiris by the flood
 Of venerable Nile, when stood
 Memnon's strange statue, whose wild lyre
 The sunbeams could alone inspire.
 Thus fancy's play my journey cheers
 With legends of three thousand years ;
 Whilst Isabel with soft, sweet eye,
 And dimpling lip, seems list'ning by.

Yet day by day rolled heavily,
 And night had darker canopy
 Of dingy hue ; and when its shade
 Came o'er my sleepless lids, it made
 No kindly visiting :—one thought
 Was ever present, and it brought
 Bright glimpses of my Isabel,
 My loved, my beautiful ! and there fell
 Her musical voice upon my ear,
 In sounds so rapturously dear,

That all entranc'd with dewy eye,
 I could gaze wild on vacancy,
 And image my lov'd bride, and clasp
 The nothingness which slipp'd my grasp ;
 And half believe its fairy trace
 Of sweetness, loveliness and grace,
 Was bodily presence, and stood nigh,
 To mock my hand, and bless mine eye.

Now ev'ry following sun's career
 Hath brought me, dearest lov'd, more near
 To our quiet home, where thou hast drest
 Our bower of bliss, my sacred rest,
 That sanctuary whither flies
 My haunted spirit, and relies
 On thy dear sainted hand to place
 My follies and my weaknesses
 Beneath that veil of love, which hides
 Whate'er the heartless world derides ;
 Craving no other earthly boon,
 Than Isabel's pure love alone ;
 It pines, it languishes, it dies,
 Denied the sun-light of her eyes.

And, lo ! I mark the space at last
 Sunk to a span, the toil is past :
 When once thy meekly beaming eyes
 Soft as a star's reflection lies
 On a still water, have been seen,
 The dreary, weary wandering
 That I have borne, since, Love, they shed
 Thy parting tear, when my heart bled,
 As thine was bleeding—shall impress
 On memory nought of bitterness ;
 But love and happier hopes, and joy,
 Combin'd shall ev'ry thought employ,
 Dry ev'ry tear,—bid sorrow cease,
 And o'er the troubl'd mind breathe peace

O ! let me pluck each summer flow'r,
 To garland thy rich hair, and show'r
 Handfuls of sweetness on the sweet ;
 O ! let my passion'd lips repeat,
 All that my heart's deep thoughts have been,
 In every hour of suffering,
 Since that intensest agony
 Of sad farewell ;—then let there be
 A pleasure in recounted pains,
 When nothing of their sting remains.

IN DAPHNE'S PRAISE.

BY S. J. PARTRIDGE, ESQ., LINCOLN'S INN.

Her look is genial as the sun,
 That gladdens all it shines upon,
 Her voice to me the grateful show'r,
 That brings to life the drooping flow'r,
 Her eyes are soft as Luna's beams,
 When glist'ning o'er the murm'ring streams,
 Her lips, all liquid nectar, vie,
 To tempt a stoic's constancy ;
 And when she beams her smiles on me,
 Methinks 'twould calm a raging sea,
 To dwell for ever in her arms,
 There solaced from the world's alarms.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM UNDER A DRAWING OF THE

BRIDGE OF SIGHS,

VENICE.

BY W. A. JACKSON, HEADINGLEY.

The Bridge of Sighs ! an ominous dreary name,
 To throw upon so fair and bright a scene !
 These waters pure and glittering, rolling on
 In serene majesty, calm, undisturbed,
 Or softly undulating, tremulous
 Beneath the kisses of some gentle wind,
 That seem as they would woo the pearly ear
 Of Amphitrite, goddess of the sea,
 To skim in beauty o'er their glassy brow ;
 Doth sighing intermix with their sweet chime ?
 And evil, like a dull, dead, gathering cloud,
 Darken the gleaming mirror of their waves ?
 And doth the voice of human suffering,
 With all its melancholy, all its pain,
 And grief and lone despair, with echoings low,
 A long funereal chaunt for love and hope,
 Rise even from hence ? And must the patient stars,
 And the unvexed heavens, behold this scene
 Of surface splendour, only to detect
 Some troublous, shifting hues of chance and pain ?
 And peace, sweet peace ! O is it but a name,
 And do the seeds of misery spread so deep,
 And sorrow and sighing enter even here ?

 The name indeed is full of solemn truth ;
 For human life is one vast Bridge of Sighs ;

Where all that pass of every station, grade,
 Rank and degree, from smiling infancy
 To dull and helpless age, must duly pay
 The tribute of sighs and tears, and groans and death.
 How trite this moralizing on our lot,
 How trite to say that man is born to mourn !
 'Tis written in our hearts even from the hour
 When first our consciousness doth know itself ;
 We need no monitor to tell us how
 We agonise on earth ; intuitive
 The knowledge, and undying are the pangs,
 In all humanity, of guilt and woe.

Yet, beautiful lady ! though the strain be sad,
 And full of serious musing, though it suit
 But little with this bright and gilded page,
 And though its solemn tones may seem to fall
 Unmusically on fair maiden's ear,
 I know thou wilt accept it—for it is
 An offering, though imperfect, yet sincere.
 And I have hopes that in thy thoughtful mood
 It may some response find, some answering note
 Of fancy and feeling ; for the mind of man,
 If rightly constituted, ever beats
 In mystic sympathy with moral truth ;
 And fair imagination, in all forms
 And shapes and marks, however he may roam
 Through various devious paths, is still the same,
 And ever keeps his strong identity.
 And therefore know I, that the skilful hand,
 That traced this beauteous image of a scene
 As beauteous as the wide-spread earth affords,
 That sketched these fairy evanescent lines,
 These mingling lights and shadows, and o'er all
 This calm luxuriance hath thrown a spell
 That tells of genius in its proudest form,
 Was painted and directed by a mind
 That knows its own high value, that hath looked

Abroad into the visible universe,
 And into its own more deep and wondrous self,
 With something of that light which beams from heaven,
 With something of that love which never dies!

And even as the tree, that proudest rears
 Its head above its fellows, feels the blast
 Of heaven more keenly, and is subject more
 Unto the fiery conflicts of the clouds :
 Even so doth genius, proudly eminent
 In intellectual might, more deeply feel
 The rude and boisterous shocks of time and change,
 And all the bitter warfare of the world.

So is it with the poet in his strength !
 His spirit wanders forth through earth and sky,
 Through all the loveliest scenes and richest shores
 Of eastern and of western lands ; he roams
 Through palaces that glitter 'mong the clouds
 With golden draperies and rainbow hues ;
 Through halls of sun-lit beauty,—sapphire plains
 And crystal towers and diamond terraces ;
 And o'er the blazing sun and placid moon,
 And all the eternal radiance of the stars :
 He sits in fragrant bowers, perfumed with myrrh,
 And musk, roses, and amber ; where sweetest birds
 Make melody to soothe him, where the rills
 Murmur deliciously o'er golden sands ;
 He walks through shadowy forests and dim glades,
 Through liliated vallies and enmossed banks ;
 And all of bright and beauteous, and divine,
 Is present with him, and he triumphs high.
 The hour is past—he falls again to earth,
 Dull, dead, and spiritless earth ; the visions fly
 That made him happy ; and the weight of life
 Again lies heavy on him ; and once more
 He finds himself enwrapped in care and pain,
 His eye-balls aching and his brow on fire !

And thus it is, that genius in all forms,
 (And thou canst doubtless witness to this truth,
 For unto thee are all its feelings known)
 Doth find this world indeed a world of Sighs,
 Of cold and harrowing misery and care !

Yet though these agonies which mental power
 In every manifestation doth entail
 On its possessor, are austere and stern,
 And hold a strong dominion o'er his mind,—
 Still he can boast of gifts, the choicest store
 Of heaven, distinguishing awards, whose force
 Can bear him up 'mid sorrow's deepest gloom,
 And point his vision, with sustaining might,
 To brighter realms and regions, where no care
 Nor pain nor agony can dare intrude ;
 Can lighten up his eye with confident hope ;
 Can teach him the progression of the soul
 To apprehensions of eternal things ;
 And prove him, 'mongst a cold and doubting world,
 Pre-eminent, the favourite of the skies !

But whither roves my strain ? ah, gentle maid,
 My hour of bliss is fleeting ; and this lay,
 In high ambition framed to please thy ear,
 And recreate thy pure and thoughtful mind,
 Must close—with solemn and slow-breathed fall,
 And end where it began, in love for thee,
 In blessings numberless upon thy head !
 For he who calls thee friend and calls me friend,
 Hath taught me by his passionate converse sweet,
 And by the various knowledge of his mind,
 And by the measureless kindness of his heart,
 (Conjoined, a being lovely as the spring,
 And glorious as the ever-burning stars)
 To love thee, though far off and yet unseen,
 With kindred spirit and affection high.

A SPEECH,

PREPARED BUT NOT DELIVERED,

BY THE LATE ROBERT HUMPHREYS, B.A.,

INCUMBENT OF BRAMLEY.

I had no intention to say a word at the present meeting. My purpose was to come hither to be only a hearer. Towards dark, yesterday, I received a note, expressive of a wish I would utter a few sentiments ; and it was late in the evening before I could pay to that wish the slightest attention. When it was late, however, I put a few thoughts together. These I shall now express, if the meeting will allow me to do so in my own way. I can do so more tersely, compactly, and compendiously in this way than in any other. I am little in the habit of public speaking before assemblies like the present. I am rather less in that habit now than I have been heretofore. I am not like my friend, Mr. Michael Sadler, to whom the thoughts and the words in which to set them off, seem to advantageously offer themselves at one and the same precise moment. And those who cannot fly, must, if they would move at all, content themselves with either walking or crawling. Here, therefore, I offer myself, a creature slowly crawling, as it were on crutches, to remark on the merits, or the pretensions rather, of Romanism. I am far, however, from promising, after all, any thing very magnificent or elaborate. The thoughts I would here exhibit have certainly been to me subjects of some research. But the language in

which I here depict them, is necessarily, from the post-haste expedition with which I must select it, much what has first come to hand on the spur of the occasion. My exordium proceeds no farther.

It is customary with persons who have to discuss the present subject—the subject of Romanism—to complain that it has been long since worn quite threadbare; that it admits of no novelty, and that whatever is advanced upon it, has been advanced before, a thousand and a thousand times over. In this opinion I am far from concurring. From such an opinion, I beg leave to differ well nigh *toto cælo*. The very *exterior* of Romanism is hitherto little, very little, developed or understood. Its *interior* nature is to the public *terra Australis incognita*. No detailed or minute accurate analysis and examination, that I am aware of, of its constituent members and component parts, has hitherto suggested any very general *suspicion* even, whence it has really been borrowed or purloined. Imagine we now a certain oblong substance called an *egg*. Suppose I have before me a given egg, and happen to be assured it was laid by a *hen*. Suppose now I see *another* such a substance, of which I know not the origin. I perceive, however, that it, as far as I can ascertain, exactly resembles the former. Have I not in this resemblance a very strong presumptive evidence that this egg also was laid by the *same* hen, or at least by a fowl of her species? Now, I think, paganism was the physical phenomenon of the universe *dramatised* and *deified*. That its deities were *heroes*, dead or living, I do not believe. It seems to me there is evidence enough of the contrary. In an Epistle, *attributed*, at all events, to Anebo, an Egyptian pagan priest, as if sent by him to the celebrated and philosophical Porphyry, we are assured the old Egyptians acknowledged no other *gods* than the sun, moon, and stars, and such other physical phenomena as I have mentioned. But all paganism was the child of human collusion and fraudulent preconcert. It was the villainous result of a deep-laid scheme of damnable cunning craftiness. But Romanism, in all its leading features, is as like paganism

as one egg is like another. Are we not justified then in affirming that *Romanism* also is the child of human collusion and fraudulent preconcert? and is equally the villainous result of a similar deep-laid scheme of damnable cunning craftiness? I will go still farther. I maintain that in instances numberless, Romanism actually *identifies* itself with that same infernal paganism. What shall we think of the Pope himself? I shall briefly assign a few reasons for concluding that his whole character has been sketched from paganism. History records that the Romans on taking Falisci, discovered an image of Janus *with four heads*. It is usually pretended, the triple crown represents the papal sovereignty over Rome, Lombardy, and Ravenna. I am of another opinion. I take the Pope to be the Janus, and even the Janus *four-heads*, of corrupted christianity: the triple crown representing three of those heads, and the head that wears it, and completes the sketch, then supplying the fourth.

Come we to other analogies. We learn from Ovid and others, the image of Janus held in one hand a staff, in the other a *key*: the *pseudo* Berosus gives him a *couple of keys*. Here see shadowed forth the Pope's pretended power of the keys. And what a host of innocents has this old man of the seven mountains, as a French writer styles him, caused to be most cruelly murdered, aye, to be atrociously burnt alive to ashes for denying, forsooth, his pagan clavicular potency. In his holy hands, the staff of his prototype changes at one time into a crosier or a sceptre, at another into a sword, or even *two* swords, typical of his temporal and spiritual authority: Janus was called God of Gods. And so has been his Holiness. The star of Janus is a Virginal star: it belongs to the zodiacal asterism Virgo. And it rose of old about the year's close and commencement. Hence Janus was heaven's door-keeper, opening its gates with his keys for the old year to depart and the new to enter. At this post, his Holiness has usurped his office, having first purloined his keys. Ovid is to blame for making rather too free with Janus. He demands of him, why he should make him

sacrifice to him first of all the gods. "Because," he answers, "it is through me only thou canst have any access to the others." What now of the Virgin? The Virgin of Romanism is *not* Mary, the mother of our blessed Saviour. The Romanists have dressed off this pious modest Virgin, so highly favoured of the Lord, in the tawdry attributes of the Pagan Isis of Egypt, the pretended wife of Osiris, and Virgin mother of the sun. That such is the case, clearly appears from certain verses of an old popish impostor, calling himself Ovidius de Vetula. Mary signifies Lady. Hence we have Lady-day, asunder just nine months from Christmas; when the asterism Virgo rose about midnight, and gave birth, as was then feigned, meanwhile, to the new sun, or the sun of the new year. That such a strange notion was, of old, certainly entertained, is evident from a Christmas-day sermon of Pope St. Leo I. Macrobius also will afford proof. The Virgin and Child were worshipped almost all the world over. Pending the prevalence of paganism, Sir George Staunton will afford proof of the worship among pagans in the very heart of China. It prevailed in pagan Egypt long before the glorious rise of Christianity. I could appeal for my proof to a passage in the Alexandrian Chronicle. The cross was worshipped long before our blessed Lord was crucified: I might, I think, say with truth, many ages before. When the Christians began to purify the Mithraion at Alexandria, to fit it for being a Christian Church, they brought out the statue of Serapis, and were shocked at observing on the very breast of the idol the sign of the cross, notwithstanding St. Athanasius himself declares it of such huge demonifuge potency. A contest ensued between the Christians and Pagans, when it was pacified by an admission on all hands, that it was a hieroglyphic, signifying—the *future life*. The two ancient historians of the Church, Sozomen and Ruffinus, give an account of the transaction. In my judgment, the hieroglyphic simply signified *life*. I think I could adduce many other proofs it was venerated before Christ was born among pagans. But the Romanist, in Dr. Middleton, challenges his adversary to bring proof of the

pagan origin of the *mass*. I would not advise any Romanist *now* to repeat the challenge. He might still find himself hampered; though the worthy Doctor gave in, touching both mass and transubstantiation. I conceive that proof positive could easily be exhibited of the original paganism of almost every atom of Romanism; and of the gross, flagrant, and most criminal *idolatry* that necessarily and inevitably mixes itself with all its rites, customs, practices, devotions, and superstitions. I have here introduced only a few specimens. I have not entered much into details. But if I have not, yet the thing easily *could* be done. The most ferocious of the qualities Romanism has inherited from paganism is its diabolical, merciless, and blood-thirsty cruelty, and inextinguishable intolerance. Its essential, uncompromising maxim is,—*Aut Cæsar aut nullus*. It must rule, and rule *despotically*, all within its hideous reach—or utterly perish. It cannot submit: it cannot obey: it must always *tyrannise*: or it must soon cease to exist. If you mean to invite this reptile again to your embrace, to cherish this adder in your bosom, to put your trust in the tenderness of this tiger, prepare to suffer for your folly all that ever sting and fangs, teeth and talons, can inflict on the objects of the savage displeasure of the ruthless monster. If you are growing weary of liberty, and fond of servitude; if you desire some guide who will take the trouble off your hands of guiding yourself; if you covet the temporal or spiritual kingship of Romanism; begin to prepare for the bliss you should anticipate enjoying under it, by plucking out your own eyes, and renouncing the testimony of your own senses; then give up yourself to its guidance, blinded and helpless, to be led by the nose by it, whithersoever its interests, or its passions, or its pleasures, want you to follow. To say that it has changed, and would now be mild, though it formerly shewed itself truly savage, were it only trusted; also would now be good-natured and forbearing, would you only bestow upon it the powers of destruction once more; then come within its gripe, after offending it, candidly and liberally forgetting the fires of Smithfield, the massacres

of St. Bartholomew's eve, the crusade of Toulouse, the butcheries of the Duke of Alva, the wholesome severities of the several Inquisitions of Rome and Milan, and Spain and Portugal: to say so and so to act would betray an utter ignorance of the monster's nature. To say or hope that it *will* change or *can* change for the better at any time future, would only demonstrate the utter hopelessness of such ignorance or infatuation, since the lessons of experience and the lessons of history are equally thrown away upon it—*nullis medicabilis herbis*. I intimated, the *cross* of paganism was a hieroglyphic significant of life. Why should it so signify? Observe we the two great circles, the equator and the equinoctial colure, intersect, that is, *cross* each other at right angles in two points; in one of which the sun is when at the *vernal* equinox. When there, he begins to vivify afresh, to infuse new *life* into drooping nature,—drooping through the ravages of the previous winter. Take there off each of the two circles, unequal segments, which will not materially differ from straight lines, and you have a *cross*. The Druids of Gaul, and probably of Britain, used to give to a tree the form of a cross, and upon this, as a basis, to construct, every fourth year, a human wicker image of colossal stature; in which, and with which, they burnt alive to ashes a vast number of men and brutes in sacrifice to Hee or Heus. I translate Hee, the life-giving sun. But in the horrible burning places of Romanism, during an act of faith, or heretic burning alive, a colossal cross was a conspicuous object. Was not the Romish as well as the pagan burning considered as a *sacrifice*? Was not the Romish atrocity borrowed even from the pagan? In each, the cross, the symbol of life, was made an accompaniment of death. Here observe the blood-thirsty faith of Rome. But, say you, it will never so exhibit itself again. Certainly not—if you never grant it the power, or afford it the opportunity. If you do, I think it certainly will. You may learn its character from Platinas himself, a Papal secretary. You may deny, Rome holds no faith is to be kept with heretics. I maintain *she does*. What else mean

the treacherous directions, which are still in such high repute at Rome, of Eymeric, promoted by the Pope to a Cardinal's hat for his long inquisitorial services ; directions, namely, how to entrap a person accused into incautious admissions, that may furnish a pretext for burning him alive ? Does not Bishop Spondanus expressly vindicate the Council of Constance for treacherously burning poor John Huss alive to ashes, in gross and open violation of the Emperor's safe conduct, on the shuffling and shameful pretence that lay authority cannot bind ecclesiastical ? How will you bind this Proteus, that, namely, of Romanism ? Will you here allege the spread of knowledge and politeness ? Were not the detestable perpetrators of the atrocities mentioned, men of great learning and accomplishments ? In vain would you here quote Ovid *per contra* :

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

I may be wrong ; my quotations and references being all *memoriter*. It may be taken in dudgeon I charge Romanism with paganising. But have not many learned Romanists expressly admitted the fact ? Witness among others Aringhius and De Choul. Nay, does not Pope St. Gregory I. the Great, expressly authorise Austin to compromise with Saxon pagans in this country, so to paganise ? Read the seventy-first, I think, of his Epistles. How come our Dissenting friends to be now such patrons and apologists of Romanism ? What a row have their ancestors kicked up in the country of old, and chiefly because the government was unwilling to execute the laws against them with sufficient rigour ? See Clarendon's history. Have they detected their predecessors in error ? Another generation may possibly detect them to be now in error themselves. For my part, I approve of Brunswick Associations.

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti, si non his utere mecum.

I approve of them as guards to the constitution in Church and State—especially against a storm, an attack by surprise.

Let us not be betrayed at unawares into the hands of our bloody-minded fellow-subjects. Let us be prepared for stratagem as well as for violence. Look how these lambs raved and blustered and put out their horns in Ireland. Look also how they pull them in again, on being met with spirit and resolution. They thought the victory their own without fighting the battles; on discovering they must fight before they conquer, they bravely quit the field. The ass made a tremendous noise while he could hope to be mistaken for the lion: but when he found preparation making to give a right Royal salute from patriotic batteries, the pseudo-king of the forest was happy to confess he had nought of the lion about him but the skin. Let Protestants unite, and they may still defy, as did their forefathers, the Vatican and all its thunders, and all its thundering legions.

Whoever was acquainted with Mr. Humphreys will immediately recognise him in this production. His peculiarity of style was well known to his friends, and may probably be accounted for by the circumstance of his having been a native of Wales, and not having learnt the English language in early life. His extensive reading, his deep research, his close application to study, furnished him with a fund of information, which, combined with kindness of disposition and urbanity of manners, caused him to be generally respected and esteemed. Yet, though he read much, he was not distinguished as an author. His writings were of a fugitive kind—for the most part in Welch, and suggested by the passing events of the day; and I am not aware that any thing worthy of notice issued from his pen, except, perhaps, a Sermon preached at the Parish Church of Huddersfield, in 1809 (of which he was then Curate), on the occasion of the Jubilee celebrated in honor of the fiftieth Anniversary of the Accession of George the Third to the Throne.

A Tablet, erected to his memory in Bramley Church bears the following Inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF THE REV. ROBERT HUMPHREYS, B.A. OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE. HE WAS A NATIVE OF CAERNARVON, AND DIED JULY 28TH, 1830, IN THE 53RD YEAR OF HIS AGE, HAVING BEEN NEARLY NINE YEARS INCUMBENT OF THIS CHURCH

Vir omni literarum genere eruditissimus.

T. F.

LINES

COMPOSED AT MUNCASTER CASTLE, THE 23RD JULY, 1832.

BY THE LATE REV. CHARLES ISHERWOOD,

OF BROTHERTON.

Calm is the silence of this solemn scene,
 Where not a breath disturbs the deep serene ;
 The rustling wing of some benighted bird,
 Or evening insect's hum alone is heard ;
 Slow rolls the ling'ring wave along the shore,
 As if old ocean slept to wake no more ;
 At such a time the spirit roams abroad,
 And finds her sacred hour to walk with God.
 For not the gath'ring tempest's gloomy scowl,
 The rocking earthquake, or the whirlwind's howl,
 The lightning's glance, quick darting from the cloud,
 Can his immortal mandate speak so loud,
 As when, on all things, sober evening throws
 Her sable-vested mantle of repose !
 There's not an object that the moon surveys,
 As from her cloud she sheds her softest rays,
 Or twinkling star, that mounts the vault of Heav'n,
 Whose moving image on the wave is giv'n,
 That speaks not, to the reason's list'ning ear,
 Thoughts that ascend to Heav'n, and harbour there !
 So found Elijah, when the Arab's land
 He fled, mistaking the divine command ;

Wearied and faint, o'er many a clime he trod,
 Till Horeb's mount received the man of God.
 Arriv'd, he humbly sought the will divine,
 And in the rolling thunder ask'd the sign.
 The rolling thunder came, no sign was there,
 Tho' loud its echoes smote the startled ear ;
 He sought it in the storms that levell'd all,
 But found it in the whisper's gentlest fall.
 Come, then, Religion, fairest grace of Heav'n,
 To thee my future thoughts and hopes be giv'n,
 For while along these fern-clad wilds I stray,
 Can I forget thine all-directing sway ?
 How would each tree that frowns o'er yonder glen,
 And own its first great cause, reproach me then ?
 Can aught but goodness find its dwelling here,
 Where on each object stamp'd thy words appear,
 While all inspires around the noblest thought,
 And health's first blessing on each gale is brought ?
 Instructive groves, I thank ye ! 'Tis with pain
 I leave ye : but shall go a better man.
 Long may your bowers fair Innocence protect ;
 And long her parents live to hail th' effect.
 And when away to other scenes I go,
 To join the cares that meet us here below,
 Pleased shall remembrance tell, how here I stray'd,
 And woo'd fair wisdom in her loveliest shade,
 While health and peace on every breeze was giv'n,
 With that far nobler health whose aim is heav'n.
 So be my days thro' life's lone valley trod,
 And be my latest rise to meet my God !

TO SOLITUDE.

BY MRS. PERRING, LEEDS.

My Muse, stretch not too high thy airy flight,
 Nor strike too loud a string ;
 Lest, haply, when the morning sun shall rise,
 And Day, with dappled wing,
 O'er the blue mountains lifts her peerless form,
 Thou, dazzled by the all too glorious sight,
 Should sink, to rise no more,
 In the dark ocean of eternal night.

Fitter for thee in quietness to rest
 On the green bosom of the verdant earth
 Where gently-breathing zephyrs round thee wake
 The infant flowers to mirth.
 Fitter for thee to listen to the song
 Of the sweet nightingale in grassy dell,
 Or, where the lonely stock-dove builds her nest
 In some deep-shelter'd wood, content to dwell,
 With nature's children holding converse sweet,
 Pleased with each silver sound that on the ear
 In dying cadence falls.—
 Not thine the lot Parnassus' hill to climb,
 And on the summit of that height sublime
 Tune the immortal lyre of fame to tell
 Of deeds of high renown—who bravely fell
 Upon the battle-field in freedom's cause,—
 Who gain'd proud victory's wreath and th' applause

That noble acts deserve. Not thine to sing
 The tales of bright romance—how in the ring
 Knights for their lady-loves would wield the lance
 Or break the shining spear ; then, in the dance,
 When music lends her sweet enchanting thrill
 To rouse the passions and subdue the will,
 Would woo and win the melting fair to leave
 Her father's stately hall, nor even breathe
 One sighing farewell on a sister's ear.—
 These are not themes for thee : but haply now
 When hand in hand with solitude whom thou
 Dost love to walk with in the quiet shade
 By the thick foliage of the elm tree made,
 Whose roots are watered by a murmuring stream—
 Here, for a while at least, may'st sit and dream,
 Catching each harmony and plaintive tone
 And making nature's symphonies thine own.
 Handmaid of reason and divinest things,
 From *thee*, blest Solitude, what profit springs ;
 What calm and holy wisdom from *thee* flows,
 What gentle breathings of the soul's repose !
 And thou hast music in thine own pure sphere
 That angel forms might fold their wings to hear.
 Glad hymns of praise, when morning first unfolds
 Her rays of light and from the mountain rolls
 The shadows down. Then first the lark's shrill voice
 Bids the young warblers of the grove rejoice,
 And gladly carols every little throat
 From bower and brake, the loud or plaintive note—
 Only the melancholy nightingale
 Restrains her song till evening shades prevail,
 That to the silver silent moon and thee
 Alone her low and sorrowing minstrelsy
 Might tell her tale of woe. But day, bright day,
 Hath happier sounds than these, the babbling play
 Of mountain streamlet, and the light cascade
 With sweetly-gurgling brook, and in the glade

Where the white May sends out her fragrant breath,
 Or on the moor where blooms the purple heath,
 The low soft murmur of th' industrious bee,
 As gathering quick the honied store to flee
 Home to his straw-built shed, he lightly bounds
 From flower to flower, and with his own sweet sounds
 Beguiles the time.—

These are the pleasures that to thee belong,
 O sacred Solitude ! But in a song
 So rude as mine thy worth may not be told.
 Dear shades adieu !

I bid farewell awhile to peace and you.
 But when the Summer sun ascends his throne,
 If I can call one little month mine own,
 'Twill all be spent with thee and one lov'd friend
 Whom I shall bring into thy blest retreat
 To tell him Solitude is sweet—*most* sweet.

THE HEART'S-EASE.

BY THE REV. E. K. MADDOCK, M.A.

INCUMBENT OF LINDLEY, NEAR HUDDERSFIELD.

Where Flora on the gay parterre
 Had strewn her choicest gem,
 One little flower alone I sought,
 And pluck'd it from the stem.

That little flower shall bear to thee
 This truest wish of mine—
 In summer's noon, and winter's night,
 May Heart'-ease e'er be thine !

THE LARK.

BY THE REV. W. H. TEALE, M.A. LEEDS.

Up ! up ! gay minstrel of the morn ;
 I love to hear thee sing
 Thy welcome to the breezy dawn,
 With dew-drops on thy wing.
 Though sweet be Philomela's song
 When round the moon-beams shine,
 Yet to her soothest strain belong
 No notes so sweet as thine.

Thine is the song of one whose heart
 Is all untried and gay,
 Ere sorrow points her certain dart
 And tears young hopes away.
 Heaven's azure deepens at thy glee,
 More balmy breathes each flower ;
 All nature seems to joy with thee
 And share thy lightsome power.

How oft, when all is hush'd and still,
 I listen to thy lay,
 As echoing far from hill to hill
 It wakes the drowsy day.
 Oh ! could my heart, like thee, meek bird,
 With freshest dawn arise,
 And give, ere day its calmness stirred,
 Each morning sacrifice ?

THE TWO LILIES.

A TALE.

BY MRS. CURTIES, READING.

Fair Blanchadine and Agatha,
Twin maidens of high birth,
Lived with their sire, his only pride,
And all his joy on earth.

He watched their opening minds with care
To pour instruction in,
And plant each generous principle,
Their glowing hearts within.

Their infant gambols charmed his eye,
He marked them as they played,
How Blanchadine gave forth command
And Agatha obeyed.

Delighted, as they grew, he saw
Their growth with beauty crowned,
For Blanchadine was fairest still,
Though all were fair around.

But on her polished brow there sat
An air of haughtiness,
Whilst Agatha's quick blushes spoke
Her mental loveliness.

One morn their cousin came, whose pets
 In childhood they had been,
 The one he called his cottage maid,
 The other his bright queen.

Walking where stately lilies grew,
 Along the gay parterre,
 He crops the tallest from its root,
 And thus accosts the fair.

“ On bended knee, queen Blanchadine,
 “ I offer thee this flower,
 “ In homage of thy stately mien,
 “ And thy bright beauty’s power.”

“ For thee, beloved Agatha,
 “ Allow my hand to place
 “ On thy dear bosom this meek flower,
 “ Fit emblem of thy grace.

“ And all who see it there, will think
 “ It chose that sacred home,
 “ To breathe its fragrant soul away
 “ ’Mid sweetness like its own.”

Fair Blanchadine was inly moved,
 Yet kept her self-control,
 But still the lesson had its weight,
 It sank into her soul.

And never did she pass a glass
 Reflecting her fair form,
 But the two lilies rose to view
 And aided her reform.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

BY THE LATE EDWARD LEE, ESQ.

A year ago, and thou wert mourned
 By anxious friends and sorrowing lover ;
 When sickness every eye had turn'd
 To watch thy last short struggle over !

We deem'd thee dead,—but still to mock
 Man's foresight, (ah, how frail and vain !)
 O'erruling power averts the shock,
 And bids thee rise to health again.

Again with mirth thou gladd'st our sight,
 (Redressing late joy's long arrear,)
 While love is wrapt in mute delight,
 And friendship smiles through many a tear !

And thou art by thy lover's side,
 And he and thou, a faithful pair,
 Become one heart ! May joy betide,
 The nuptials of the true and fair !

True love's the growth of nurtured hope
 And holiest feelings cherish'd long ;
 Nor vents itself in glowing trope,
 Nor breathes it in exciting song.

And O ! how blessed is the thought,
 That here we but commence the love,
 That, through its earthly trials brought,
 Will find its lasting home above !

Such love is yours ; in truth its birth,
 So cherish'd with the noblest aim ;—
 Such be its happy course on earth,
 Its high wrought destiny the same !

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY THOMAS ROGERSON, ESQ., BRAMLEY.

Sweet home of my childhood, my home in past years,
 How oft have I hail'd thee with sorrow and tears !
 The trees that I nurtured, the ivy I set,
 By the home of my childhood, I ne'er can forget ;
 The place where I met with affection's first glance,
 'Then often enliven'd by gala and dance ;
 The place whence a parent that lov'd me was riv'n,
 A gem upon earth, now an angel in heaven :
 As I lov'd thee in youth, I love thee so yet—
 Sweet home of my childhood, I ne'er can forget.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WEATHER.

BY MATTHEW MOLECATCHER.

In every local district there are persons who attain to great skill in foretelling rain and sunshine, but who are yet ignorant in general knowledge, and sometimes below par in natural abilities. Do these men obtain this knowledge from Almanacks? No, they are more weather-wise than the Almanack-Makers. Do they gather it from books of philosophy or astronomy? No, indeed; they are wiser—they study no books. *Observation* is the only source from which they gather a correct knowledge of the weather: they are in the daily habit of studying and observing the face of the sky and the clouds, and noting local signs, in their own neighbourhood.

We may suppose the Jews to have been skilled in the weather. By thus observing the face of the sky, a ruddy evening, to them, portended fine weather; but a red and lowering morning foul weather: a cloud from the east, a shower; a south wind, heat; and so it came to pass.

Although these signs were certain in the land of Judea, they will not answer with us. The same signs will seldom answer for any two districts. This shows the folly of depending on *book*-knowledge about the weather. But most men are too indolent, or too engaged, thus to consider the element above them.

When hay-time approaches, some look "what the Almanack says?" Some augur a change at the new moon; others at the full moon, and others again think that the weather more often takes up at the entering of the quarters; but the hour of the day at which these changes happen has now become the popular ruler of the weather. But this oracle, having led some of its worshippers into the dirt with their hay, perhaps they will lean upon their scythes a little and listen to OLD MATTHEW MOLECATCHER's opinion on book-learned weatherwise mortals.

Well, neighbours, if you would learn in my school, says Matthew, *break your weather-glasses*, burn your books about the weather, and away with your nonsensical tables about the moon. Does it not often rain for weeks together in Westmoreland, whilst it is fair weather in Lincolnshire? Is not the north of our island drenched with rain, whilst the pastures in the south are burnt up for want of it? Does it not often happen that they have many *rainy* days successively in Manchester, whilst not a drop falls at Leeds? How, then, can any man's tables about the moon, or rules for the weather, answer for both the hilly and level districts? Have the Cheshire men never told you how their rugged-topt hills knock at the bottom of the clouds, and leave them as leaky as a sieve while passing over Manchester? Have you never taken notice that, after a long rainy season, there mostly comes a long dry one? Have you not observed that these wet and dry seasons have each their crisis, as Doctors call it. Like fevers, they begin gradually, increase till the height; then gradually subside. Therefore, never begin your mowing till the crisis is past, and the clouds have gathered their skirts, and girt up their loins like a way-faring man on a journey.

There are few summers without a good *hay-time*, sooner or later, if you will but catch it; only look at the clouds more and your books less, and you may, mostly, save your hay at a little cost.

Well, neighbours, I trow you now see that Weather-Wisdom fetched directly from the clouds, with your own eyes, is more fresh, more pure, and more to be trusted for daily use, than

any that has been bundled up in musty books. Seek her diligently, rely on her in all seasons, and most surely she will make you weather-wise or other-wise.

Let no one despise these rustic hints of MATTHEW MOLE-CATCHER, or set him down as a mere novice in the business; for be it known to all men that honest MATTHEW has been a prognosticator of frost and snow, rain and sunshine, for the space of forty years, and prides himself not a little for having at least made one important discovery, and that at the cost of many a wet jacket, viz.

That the weather is uncertain, and the wind variable !

Summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, are covenanted to return to us at their appointed seasons, but an all-wise and all-bountiful Creator retains in his own hands the balancing of the clouds, and the bottles of heaven—the distribution of rain and sunshine, so necessary to the production of every article of our food, our clothing, our every comfort, and our very existence. These HE dispenses to us by such laws, at such times, and in such varied portions, as are most calculated constantly to remind us of our daily dependence on HIM “IN WHOM WE LIVE, AND MOVE, AND HAVE OUR BEING !”

“NATURE’S FIRST AND SECOND BIRTH.”

BY THE REV. JOHN HAIGH, B. A.

Bright was the melody through every sphere
Which burst entrancing on angelic ear,
When nature first was born, and infant time
Through hymning orbs began his march sublime.*
But holier music, too sublime for earth,
Seraphic, heralds nature’s second birth;
Celestial glory on the wondering sight
Of Bethlehem’s shepherds pours unclouded light,
And mid that blaze of glory, thrills along
The heaven-born music of salvation’s song,
Smoothing the brow of night, while, calm and still,
The gleamy shadows sleep on Zion’s hill.
Blest minstrelsy ! which through the midnight air
Chaunts mercy and glad-tidings to despair,
Glory to God in highest Heaven above,
Peace upon earth and mercy’s pardoning love !

In Bethlehem’s manger lay the Holy Child,
The light of Godhead in His features smil’d,
The lowly shepherds at His feet adore,
And bending Magi spread their costly store;
Led by a light celestial from afar,
They hail their infant King and Judah’s Morning-Star.†

* “The morning stars sang together.” Job. xxxviii

† “I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.” Rev. xxii. 16.

And thou, our Saviour, Prophet, Priest, and King !
 What offerings shall Thy worthless creatures bring ?
 Poor, we have nothing—all the world is Thine,
 Ocean's abyss and earth's deep treasur'd mine—
 Thy Holy Church exhorts us—"Go and dwell
 With pious love in Bethlehem's lowly cell" !—
 Thither, O thither shall the heart repair,
 Lay all its sins, pour all its sorrows there—
 Pleas'd shalt Thou listen to its broken sighs,
 Thy Holy Spirit's gift—the heart's best sacrifice.

THE THREE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

BY THE REV. JOHN CLARK, HUNSLET.

FAITH upward soars on eagle's wings,
 To seek Jehovah's face ;
 Salvation is the boon it brings,
 Through Christ's redeeming grace.

HOPE, ever bright, serene and pure,
 To all its comfort gives,
 Still hopes its object to secure ;
 Still feeds itself and lives.

CHARITY, greatest of the three,
 Descend into my heart ;
 Thy many graces give to me,
 Thy blessings to impart !

THE CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

BY Ομικρον.

The past, the past, yes! one by one
 The objects that I loved are gone—
 The woodland haunt, the summer shade,
 Where rippling streams soft murmurings made,
 Where childhood loved to stroll along
 And list the black-bird's artless song—
 Are as a dream—my friends are gone
 And I am left to weep alone.
 Give me a strain of music wild,
 'Twill make me gentle as a child :
 That strain again—its dying note
 Seemed on the evening breeze to float.
 O, would I were the gentle air,
 Burden so sweet and soft to bear,
 Music should roll across my soul
 And all its raging storms control.
 No more! no more! in vain I try
 The charms of earthly minstrelsy :
 No joys of earth can e'er impart
 A lasting pleasure to the heart;
 Religion, O, religion, come,
 Within this bosom make thy home—

Descend, descend, thou heavenly dove,
 Come with thy sweet subduing love ;
 O, chase the darkling gloom away,
 And point to realms of endless day :
 For winged by thee my hopes shall rise,
 Faith's eagle view shall pierce the skies.

THE MISSIONARY.

BY W. J.

O'er Greenland's snows, or Afric's sands,
 Heaven speed thee, Herald, on thy way !
 Thou go'st to pour o'er darken'd lands
 The merciful, the mighty day.

Thine arms, the sword thy Saviour gave,
 The weapon which but wounds to heal,
 Thy buckler, ever strong to save,
 Is truth that laughs at triple steel.

And thy reward for labours long,
 To know thy master on thee smiled,
 To hear the desert shout the song,
 " I, too, am God's remember'd child."

THE FOUNTAIN PILGRIM.

BY A DECEASED CLERGYMAN.

A western glow had ting'd the highest hill,
 And silence brooded on the vale below,
 Save where, in deepest shade, a fountain gush'd,
 And bade a stream, with gentle murmur, flow ;—
 The clasping ivy lov'd its mossy side,
 Nor dar'd a sunbeam look on scene so fair,
 But drooping willows long had learn'd to weep,
 And every flowering shrub to blossom, there.

To this lone spot a Pilgrim once was seen
 With slow and tottering step to wend his way,
 The fount of shadows caught his eagle eye
 And claim'd a tear—a tribute he could pay—
 And sweet the thought, as Zephyr-gale of eve,
 The day was o'er—a solace to his breast—
 And sweet the draught which cool'd his parching lip,
 And slak'd his thirst, and bid the weary rest—

But sweeter far the joy that swells the heart
 When—just as life's sad day is darkening fast,
 When of the desert naught remains to tread,
 And ev'ry toil and ev'ry woe is past—
 Some mystic voice of more than mortal sound
 Speaks words of peace, and tells of realms above—
 Some mystic hand is pointing far away
 And guides the pilgrim to the fount of love :—

There shall he sit, and drink oblivion deep,
 And strike his lyre, and wake an angel-song,
 Nor sun at noon shall shed a sickly ray,
 Nor moon by night forbid the strain prolong.
 But round his feet each Eden-flower shall wave,
 And in the streamlet see its image fair,
 And o'er his head the tree of life shall bend,
 And bloom for ever and for ever there.

TO * * *

BY * * M.

Though deep thy draught of the chalice of woe,
 And darken'd the hopes once lighting thine eye,
 Though reft thy chain of affection below,
 The links may be safe in the haven on high.
 The wind and the storm a mission fulfil,
 From Him who is mercy, wisdom, and love ;
 Then wouldst thou one blast of the tempest remove,
 Since each that descends will work out his will ?
 And has He not said, as the storm passes by,
 The bow of His love shall be seen in the sky ?
 Oh ! say not "no rose e'er blossoms for you,"
 For has not a Sharon's solaced your woe,
 Imparted a joy so thornless and true,
 As the heart of the worldling never can know ?

REFLECTIONS

ON VISITING KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

BY S. S. OF HULL.

How closely clings the ivy firm,
 Its leaves how bright they shine,
 Giving sad beauty to thy stern
 Majestic walls ; and mouldering time,
 To gateway, buttress, arch, has lent
 Its grey and mossy ornament.

Roofless, untenanted, and grey,
 Thy music, the wild wandering breeze,
 And for thy dead, a mystery
 Their deeds, their names, their memories,
 Sunk in the sea of ages gone,
 Unrecorded, lost, unknown.

Wild flowers round thee sweetly bloom,
 Speedwell with its merry eye,
 Violets with rich perfume,
 Celandine of golden dye,
 And on thy tottering moss-grown steps,
 The pellitory clinging creeps.

Thus e'en with gloomiest, saddest things,
 A something makes the heart less sad,
 Sunset a glorious radiance flings,
 After his beams have made day glad ;
 The darkest day, of light has hours,
 Thou hast thy ivy, and thy flowers.

A HYMN OF CHARITY.

BY JOHN CAWOOD, ESQ., LEEDS.

Hark ! the sound of approbation
 Issuing from the op'ning skies,
 Angels view with admiration,
 Mercy man to man supplies.
 Soon the cheerless habitation,
 Where pale misery droops her head,
 Shall dilate with exultation,
 Rescued by our timely aid.

Thus the great Redeemer acted,
 When in human veil attired,
 Daily deeds of love transacted,
 And for these at length expired.
 Then, O ! then, shall our oblation
 As rejected incense rise ?
 No—O ! God—thy approbation
 Crowns our evening sacrifice.

AN IMPROMPTU

ON APPROACHING KIRKELLA CHURCH-YARD.

BY HENRY ROGERSON, ESQ. BRAMLEY.

Seest thou that road, which winds among
 Those aged trees, where oft a long
 And sorrowing train of men have pass'd
 To bear a comrade to his last
 Sepulchral home, from which no path
 The sinner finds to fly from wrath?

Onward proceed!—the church is seen—
 An ancient one which time with green
 Has tinted, so that all admire
 Their father's Church with tapering spire;
 For, where's the man with heart so cold
 That dare to slight this pile of old?

The grass around luxuriant grows
 O'er some beloved-ones last repose:
 Here let us pause.—We too must die,
 And mouldering 'neath the greensward lie;
 May then our spirit find a rest
 Among the mansions of the blest!

WRITTEN UPON THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

BY W. A. JACKSON, HEADINGLEY.

Let no vain, heartless footstep tread
Upon this humble stone,
But ye who reverence the dead,
Approach and read alone.

For 'tis the grave of one who owned
No earthly wealth or power,
No laurels his pale temples crowned,
And fame gave him no dower.

Yet was he amply rich—for he
Possessed an ample mind,
And all he wished of joy and glee,
In nature did he find.

The music of the running streams,
The humming of the bee,
And evening's soft and purple gleams,
To him were extasy.

The joyous earth, the clouds, the air,
And the enduring sky,
To him did influences bear
Of power and majesty.

And with the depths of his own soul,
 He held communings high,
 And thought would oft to him unroll
 The secrets of infinity.

With fervent love his spirit yearned
 For every living thing,
 And aye with fervent rapture turned
 To love's eternal spring.

What need had he of worldly forms,
 Of splendid vanities?
 He dwelt apart from moral storms,
 And woes and agonies.

Yet deeply did he feel and mourn
 For human misery,
 And 'twas his dearest joy to learn,
 Of heavenly charity.

And though no stranger on the stage
 Of learning's varied court,
 Yet nature was his favourite page,
 Man's heart his chief resort.

And thus in joy and innocence,
 He walked this mortal life,
 Yet free from mortal turbulence,
 Satiety and strife.

And ere his fresh and lovely mind
 Was tainted by earth's leaven
 By care or converse with his kind,
 God took him up to heaven.

SONNET

ON THE RE-BUILDING OF THE PARISH CHURCH OF LEEDS,

BY W. A. JACKSON, HEADINGLEY.

Long had we mark'd with silent grief, though deep,
 Our temple's grim decrepitude,—not hoar;—
 No charm of picturesque did o'er it creep,—
 Nor sculptures nor rich tracery it wore.
 Old was it, yet there came no evening gray,
 No mellowing tints of setting suns were there,
 But sudden night instead;—and so it lay,
 Ungainly pile ! even in decay not fair.
 The pastor mourn'd and spake,—nor spake in vain;—
 Hark how the hammer, and the chisel ring !
 Hundreds in this glad work a share to gain,
 Like home-led Israel, votive off'rings bring :
 —Nor long ere such high aims their goal obtain,—
 A temple fitting Heaven's eternal King !

* This excellent work, which has now been in progress upwards of a twelvemonth, was agreed upon at “a meeting of the Vicar and Patrons of the Vicarage, and the friends of the church generally,” held at Leeds on the 8th November, 1837. The meeting was called by Dr. Hook, to take into consideration the propriety of increasing the accommodation in the Parish Church, in consequence of a requisition presented to him by above six hundred parishioners.

T. F.

AN EXTRACT

FROM A MANUSCRIPT PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION ON THE DISCOVERIES MADE
IN TAKING DOWN THE

PARISH CHURCH OF LEEDS.

BY ROBERT DENNIS CHANTRELL, ESQ. LEEDS,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

The Old Church, described by Thoresby, the Antiquary, as "black but comely," must have been materially altered since he wrote (A.D. 1725), for the only portion possessing character was one window at the north-east corner, of the time of Henry the Seventh, with its depressed arch, and cusped tracery; some water spouts carved into grotesque figures, and some fragments of pinnacles on the north front; so that, shorn of its comely features, the blackness alone remained.

In taking down the tower, many fragments of sculptured stones were found, which had been used as wall stones, and also fillings: of these, some of a curious description belonged to five several pillars. The most important, at least as far as can be judged from the greater number of fragments, was a pillar carved on the four sides and terminated by a cross, or cruciform stone, having the arms connected by a segmental band. The centre of each face had a hemisphere, and the wedge-formed arms have margins and interlaced work round them; one hemisphere and an arm of the cross are broken off.

The entire height of this pillar is about eleven feet ; for this point admits of being accurately determined (although the top-stone immediately under the cross is not found) from the circumstance of the base on one side, and a complicated interlaced figure near the top bearing traces of a similar figure above it, being perfect. The four sides vary in design : the plan is an oblong square, twenty inches broad at the base and twelve inches thick, diminishing proportionately to the summit, which measures about one half of the base. One face contains a winged figure with a sword in the hand, and a mystic band below it ; and on the left shoulder a hawk. Above this figure is a cartouche containing an interlaced figure in four divisions, which are each subdivided into three. Above this is a second winged figure, and over it an interlaced serpentine figure passing through a double circle, which is connected with a similar figure still higher, but the upper portion has not been found. On the opposite face at the base is a male figure surrounded by implements of trade, holding a female figure over the head. In a cartouche above is a male figure holding a scroll, and the portion of the head has a serpent over the scroll, and apparently passing over the head. The uppermost figure, (the third of the series,) has an eastern cap on the head, and the portion of the sculpture above it appears to be similar to the Egyptian globe wings and serpents ; one edge is covered with rich foliage, and the opposite edge has a cartouche containing an interlaced figure of twenty four links. A cartouche above this contains an interlaced figure with seven links, the uppermost portion having rich foliage similar to that on the opposite edge. All these are evidently hieroglyphics, emblematic of the creation and advancement of man, of the ancient Asiatic system of astronomy, and of the division of the year into seasons, months, weeks, and days. The sculptures are characteristic and are equal to those of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. In Ireland, Scotland, and the North of England, as well as in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, these pillars abound, and, according to our early christian writers, they were in their day considered

antiquities; and I am quite a convert to the opinion that they were placed where now found by the worshippers of the Sun; that they are at least as old as our Druidical temples, and were erected like the Christian kills, cells, or churches in Ireland, on the plans held sacred by the Pagans, and that these cruciform pillars were retained as applicable to the New Religion, and as a means of converting the Idolators. The other fragments are of interlaced pillars, one only containing a portion of a figure; and one single stone has nine Runic characters upon it, which are described in the 20th vol. of the *Archæologia*. After this curious relic, the most ancient fragments discovered are of the Norman church of Leeds; not the one mentioned in the Doomsday Survey, but the Church renewed about the latter end of the eleventh or commencement of the twelfth century, to which Ranulphus Paganel contributed. They consist of three column capitals, a fragment of an arch of a doorway, and two fragments of interlaced arches with plain mouldings; also a portion of a square sculptured font. The lower part of the tower, the pillars and arches of the nave, and one arch of the South transept, and the stairs into the rood loft, were of the middle of the fourteenth century (Edward the Third,) as also some fragments of cyma or ogee formed tracery; and the pinnacles, pediment, and crockets of the arch over the sacarium, or recess wherein was the drain for carrying off the holy water (according to Ledwick) when defiled by “a fly, a loppe, or other venemouse beeste”; also the recesses or depositaries for the pix, ampullæ, &c. All this is in a very perfect state. In the arches of the choir or chancel, between the joints, a quantity of painted and stained glass had been used, for what the workmen call *packing*, or rather to prevent the lime from running, when the arches were built: this glass was of the same date, (Edward the Third,) or earlier, as upon it were drawings of tracery of this æra, and some of the architecture of the 13th century, commonly termed lancet gothic: this had been taken from an earlier building, which had been destroyed by fire, some of the fragments being much bent. Many of the stones bear marks of fire. Under the

eastern wall much charcoal was found, and in the part near the tower, melted lead attached to stone, burnt wood and earth. Now as this part of the church was rebuilt at the latter end of the 15th century, I conceive the fire to have taken place probably between A.D. 1450 and 1470, as the later portion of the building alone contains these burnt fragments, and from a view of the south front given in Thoresby, the west end of the south aisle of the nave appears to be of the same date as the nave pillars, which would indicate that the fire had not extended west of the tower.

The Clerestories appear to have been altered since the Reformation: the north front was of the worst class of debased architecture of the time of Henry the Eighth, or at any rate not much before the close of Henry the Seventh's reign. The pillars had all been painted in size or water colour a deep crimson, and the whole of the walls in various colours. I have traced three series of painting: the first in figures and foliage of the fifteenth century; the second with panels and texts of the time of Elizabeth; and the last of Charles the First. There were a few old monumental inscriptions visible—the two most important being in Latin, one to the memory of John and Eufemia Langton, 1459; the other of John Langton, son and heir of the former, and his wife Agnes, who died of some pestilential disorder on the "feast of Saint Lambert, Bishop and Martyr, A.D. 1464." Behind the altar piece was a Mural monument to the memory of a family named Harde- wycke, of the 16th century, and on taking up the floor under the communion table, a tablet, in excellent preservation, contained a brass plate inscribed to the memory of Thomas Clarell, Vicar of Leeds, who was a benefactor to the church, and who died in 1469. The Langtons' inscriptions are also on brass plates, and have flat brass effigies let into the stone. On taking up the floor of the choir, a fine effigy was discovered, in chain mail, with plate knee caps, sword, and shield, beautifully carved in limestone: the coat of arms, or quarterings of the shield, denoting the knight to be of the family of Stainton or Steynton. The legs have been broken off close under the

knee. This effigy is cross-legged, and cannot be later than Edward the Second's time, or about A.D. 1300. In the succeeding reign Elizabeth Steynton was prioress of Kirklees, and probably of the same family. Many more recent monuments decorated the walls and pillars, and there was some very good carved oak screen work about two centuries old, all which relics will be preserved and replaced in the new church. In the church walls many crosses of priests, templars, and hospitallers were found; some had covered graves and others had stood erect as head stones in the church-yard, but they had mostly been broken up to use as wall stones in the lining or filling of the walls. Four drains, or *sacraria*, had also been used for the same purpose; and this appears to have been a common practice, as in many of our churches fragments are frequently to be seen in the walls, and more particularly in those erected since the decline and fall of this very beautiful, interesting, and scientific style of architecture.

LINES

ON THE REV. JOHN KILLINGBECK, B.D.

VICAR OF LEEDS.

True to the charge committed to his trust—
 To mankind faithful—to his Master just :
 God and religion did his hours employ,
 Goodness his choice, and charity his joy !
 Cheerful thro' life, in every healthy scene—
 In sickness patient, and in death serene ;
 Translated hence, of man and God approv'd—
 He lives and triumphs in the world he lov'd.

These Lines were forwarded to me by a much-valued friend, one of the patrons of the Parish Church, and are particularly seasonable at a time when its rebuilding is in progress, inasmuch as the subject of their panegyric was one of its most zealous guardians and supporters. In the sermon preached on the occasion of Mr. Killingbeck's death by Mr. Cookson, his successor in the Vicarage, the preacher observed, with reference to this point, concerning the deceased :

“What he hath done for the House of God we are witnesses, and the beauty and order of this place is sufficient evidence.”

Another quotation from this sermon will fully bear testimony to the correctness of the portrait which the poet has drawn :

“He lived like one of the primitive fathers, and preached like one of the present. In brief, there was so perfect an harmony between his life and doctrine, and both so very amiable, that several persons of distinction were brought over from the Dissenters to the Established Church ; not by set discourses against them, and passionate ill-natured reflections, which tend too much to extinguish the life of religion and the power of godliness, and never win upon ingenuous tempers, but by preaching the substantials of the Christian religion. His severer animadversions were generally and chiefly against the Deists, Unitarians, and modern Arians, who endanger the foundations of revealed religion and the Christian faith.”

I will only add that Mr. Killingbeck was born at Headingley Hall, in this Parish, February 15th, 1649, and that he died on the 12th February, 1715, having been Vicar about 29 years.

T. F.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND MRS. S—,

AT CARLISLE.

My dear Mrs. S— ; I can never, no never,
Believe that a spirit so gentle as your's,
Can retain, if offended, its anger for ever,
But forgive when a friend that forgiveness implores.

Aye ! I see by the smile that your cheek dimples over,
By the kindness that fills your benevolent eye,
Your friendship ere long I may hope to recover,
If I learn for the future my errors to fly.

But what have I done ? They are not of *commission*
The faults and the follies I have to confess ;
Though I frankly acknowledge that those of *omission*,
Your censure deserves than the others no less.

I have done what I think never woman before did,
Kept silence at least for a twelvemonth, but then
I must not omit, you will say, to be candid,
That the *silence* was not of the *tongue*, but the *pen*.

I might, were I anxious my lapses to cover,
Tell of *others* as negligent quite as *myself*,
Yet, as I hate scandal, I'd rather pass over
Their faults, and lay them, with my own, on the shelf.

But, now, let me tell you, before I begin
To inquire for my friends,—though I own 'tis a sin
We are all prone to fall on to speak of ourselves,
Our Husbands, our Homes, and our Children, sweet elves !

And first, dearest Lady, my Master and Lord,
Is well, very well ; and I think, on my word,
He ne'er look'd more pleasant or spruce in his life—
Now pray does not that say great things *for a wife* ?

Then the girls are as buxom, and ruddy, and gay,
As the rosebud of summer, or flow'r of the May,
And oft wish a drive, in a stage coach and four,
To visit old friends and dear Carlisle once more.

Master Robert, the steady, who knows every turning
And attends to each thing that is done in the house,
(Much more, by the bye, than he does to his learning,)
Is as fat and as sleek as a London-fed mouse !

And Harry, the active, as sharp as a needle,
Is noisy and brisk, as a spaniel at play,
But Fred'rick, the *darling*, has been for some time ill,
Though *now* he's much better, I'm happy to say.

Then my sweet little Yorkshireman ; what is his name
Did you ask me ? Oh don't, dearest lady ! I'd rather
Not tell you at all, for I feel so much shame
To say, tis not Edward, nor Edwin, nor Arthur.*

His are names, (at least one of them is,)† that in story
Have been claim'd by the valiant, the wise, and the good ;
You will find, if you seek in the days of her glory
In the annals of Sweden, how brightly one stood.

The other is Roman, and therefore I'm sure must
Command *admiration*, at least, if not *love* ;‡
Do you wish to know, then, if 'tis *Cæsar* Augustus ?—
Oh no ! yet your *next guess* more lucky may prove.

But enough !—'tis a pity to waste so much time,
In making and writing ridiculous rhyme,
My nursery nonsense I'll leave for a while,
To inquire for the welfare of friends at Carlisle.

Pray is Mr. S— well ? Is he quiet, and good ?
Does he meekly *submit*, as all Gentlemen should ?
Does he never presume to declare that you're wrong ?
Nor give hints to the Ladies by speaking of " tongue" ?

* I promised my friend it should be one of these.

† Charles Augustus.

‡ My friend is an Antiquary.

If *that* be the case, you may tell him from me,
 He is better than *somebody else* I could name;
 Who thinks that all women obedient should be,—
 Perhaps that's because *I* am so *humble* and *tame*.

Doctor A!—oh my dear Mrs. S. ! I'm afraid
 He will think that old Time has with memory fled ;
 That *new* pleasures and faces the heart has betrayed,
 To turn out old friends, and take *them* in instead.

But, believe me, tis not so : If ever I knew
 One spark of ingratitude lodge in my breast,—
 If those whom I value should think me untrue,
 Unkind, and forgetful, t'would rob me of rest.

No ; *these* are not times for old friends to be slighted,
 When sordid self-interest all round us we see ;
 And tell him, dear lady, our hopes were not blighted
 When seeking we found one so faithful as he.

May plenty and peace crown his days as they run,
 Unattended by sorrow, unclouded by strife ;
 And, to wish him all blessings concentr'd in one,
 May he soon be possess'd of an excellent wife !

There are, my dear lady, a great many more,
 Whose names in my sing-song I cannot include ;
 Remember me to them a hundred times o'er,
 And tell them I'll write when I feel in the mood—

For prosing, I mean ; I would not have them think
 That I want inclination ; but strange 'tis to say,
 Whenever I venture to take pen and ink,
 There's nothing but *rhyming* will come in my way.

By the bye—have you heard, oh my dear Mrs. S— ;
 Have you read, I should say, what a lashing I've got
 In the *Atlas* ? Ah, should it not make me declare
 I would give up all rhyme and the muses forswear ?

Now pray do not laugh !—it is really quite shocking !
 Though I can't for the life of me squeeze out a tear ;
 I'm sure I don't wish to be thought a blue-stockings,
 Nor to shine in the company of “ Aubrey de Vere.”*

Yet they *couple* me with him, and tell us to try
 Our hand—it is very insulting—in turning
 Dull prose into rhyme, that poor Babes may not cry,
 And spoil their sweet faces when put to their learning.

Now, pray, do *you* think that the brave William Tell,
 Whose deeds in the pages of history shine,
 Needs the workings of *fancy* his praises to swell,
 Or poetical *fiction* his name to enshrine ?

Well ! there's Mr. S——, in his easy arm-chair.
 I really believe he is nodding. No more !
 Dear Lady, my patience no longer will bear—
 When Friends go to *sleep* it is *time* to give o'er.

Yet I have not said half I could say. Were I near you
 Oh what a great license my tongue would require !—
 'Tis best as it is, for I very much fear *you*,
 As *well* as your *Lord*, with my nonsense would tire.

Adieu for a while, then, and blessings attend you,
 May peace and content be your portions through life ;
 May the *shades of antiquity* always befriend you,
 And make *fossils* and *coins* in your cabinet rife !

Farewell ! till the Spring, in her beauty and gladness,
 Walks forth to enamel the meadows with flowers,
 And the warblers, forgetting their winter of sadness,
 Are singing sweet songs in their newly trim'd bowers !

When I shall expect you to add to the season
 New graces and pleasures, and kindly to shed
 Round our dear little circle the bright glow of reason,
 And talk (not with sorrow) of days that are fled.

* A critic in the Atlas, speaking of a small poem, entitled “ William Tell,” in one of the Annuals, classed the Author with Sir Aubrey de Vere, and recommended them to write jointly a History of England in verse for the use of the rising generation !

You must not refuse ! Even now while I'm writing,
Unbidden, the tear from my eyelids will start,
As I fondly remember the hours when delighting
To listen I sat with the friend of my heart.

Farewell ! I have friends who are kind and attentive,
Frank, sensible, clever, obliging, but not
(I hope they'll forgive) holding out an incentive,
To love them as well as my dear Mrs. S——.

Leeds.

E. P.

A SPIRIT OF AIR.

BY THOMAS ROGERSON, ESQ., BRAMLEY.

Ah ! who would not be a bright spirit free,
To wander at will through eternity ;
To dance on a sun ray, to follow the moon,
Or gorgeously ride on the wild Simoon,
And to travel as far as the pale morning star,
Or to girdle the earth in Apollo's bright car !
Ah ! who would not die, as a spirit to fly
Through regions of air to the stars on high,
As the meteors prance, as the lightnings dance,
Pass through myriads of miles at a glance.
Oh ! the dull huge earth that gave me birth
In the mighty blank scarce a thought is worth.
In the morn I'd come to the wild wind's home,
To career with the wildest and onward to roam ;
I would wreath a cloud a spirit to shroud
If the glittering sun ever shone too proud.
When the sun was high in the azure sky,
To the moonbeams cool away I'd fly ;
And the heavens should ring with the song I'd sing,
And echo respond to the music I'd bring.

WHAT IS POETRY ?

BY GEORGE WILSON, ESQ., LEEDS.

'Tis the prism of the spirit, wherewith it can shew
 The bright hues which are blent in this twilight of woe :
 'Tis the wand of the fairies, whose pow'r is not fled,
 But awakes in the bard its old magic to shed !

'Tis the low voice of solitude, gentle though wild,
 As she whispers strange truths to her favourite child ;
 'Tis the music of nature, which sweetens each tone
 Of the bard as he wanders with solitude lone !

'Tis the strife and the struggle—the groan and the tear,
 For justice withholden—o'er liberty's bier ;
 'Tis the warning for battle when wrongs are o'erthrown,
 'Tis the pæan, the triumph, where freedom hath grown !

'Tis the dream of all goodness, the life of the soul,
 'Tis an essence which owns not dull custom's control :
 'Tis the love which decays not, but lives on the past,
 'Tis the broken heart constant and warm to the last !

'Tis the hush of devotion—the holiness shed
 On our hearts as we brood o'er the lov'd and the dead ;
 'Tis the halo which circles the patriot's high name,
 'Tis the angel whose record hath publish'd his fame !

'Tis all these !—and wherever young beauty doth dwell,
 With the breeze on the mountain—the flow'r in the dell ;
 With whatever is holy, and noble, and fair,
 The bard hath his temple, and worshippeth there !

GOOD BYE.

BY J. W. PARTRIDGE, ESQ., HORSFORTH.

Why do we build an altar here,
 Why intertwine with earth,
 Th' enchanting piles of friendship rear,
 Or sacrifice to mirth ?
 Touched by stern fate the fabrics fall,
 Mirth's joyous minutes fly,
 Dissolved as tho' at magic call,
 At the drear sound "Good bye."
 "Good bye" re-echoed from the heart
 We've fondly pressed to ours,
 Reciprocated as we part,
 By all affection's powers,
 Must teach us not to build below,
 Must point beyond the skies,
 Where hallowed love blest spirits know,
 And friendship never dies.

HYMN

ON LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A CHURCH.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Thus saith the high and lofty One,
 Inhabiting eternity ;
 “ Earth is my footstool, heaven my throne,
 What temple will ye build for Me ? ”

Yet mortals, bound by time and space,
 May plead thy faithful promise, Lord,
 To bless and hallow every place,
 Where they thy holy Name record.

Here, then, where none hath stood before,
 To thee a House of prayer we build ;
 May it, till seasons change no more,
 Be with thy grace and glory fill'd.

From age to age, the gospel here,
 Its life, its health, its power impart,
 Be preach'd to every listening ear,
 And sown in every fruitful heart.

So, in the heavenly Church above,
 When Saints their course on earth review,
 Thousands may tell, with joy and love,
 That here their souls were born anew.

CONCLUDING ADDRESS TO THE READER.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW WILKINSON, M.A.

PRINCIPAL OF THE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, HUDDERSFIELD.

'Twas wished by those the power of God that feared,
 And loved the Saviour, who first loved and died,
 A House of Prayer should to our Lord be reared,
 Where young and old in pious thought might 'bide :
 And to invite your alms one way they took,
 Was to prepare for sale this little book.

Then do not, gentle reader, look for here
 A pompous style, or stately-sounding songs ;
 No critic's bile this little work should fear,
 For that to more pretending things belongs.
 With other aim our humble task is done,
 Nor do we seek to win what they have won.

We seek by guiltless act a fund to raise,
 God's treasury to increase in days of want ;
 To teach our people how to duly praise
 Their fathers' God in days of knowledge scant :
 Aid for the altar is the aid you give—
 Teaching poor souls to die as well as live.

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